The New REPUBLIC

Published Weekly

Saturday February 20th 1915

"THE United States may have been the indirect cause of the present European War."
—from Roland G. Usher's article in this number.

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME II | New York, Saturday, February 20, 1915 | NUMBER 16

Contents

Editorial Notes 56
Leading Editorials .....
The Goose and the Gander 59
Paul Kellogg Muckraked 60
First Aids to Editors 61
A Captain of Revolt 63
The Menace of Inflation 64
General Articles .....
America as a Cause of War ..... Roland G. Usher 67
The Matter With Congress ..... W. L. Stoddart 68
John Muir ..... Edith Wyatt 69
Industrial Education—A Wrong Kind ... John Dewey 71
Mother Jones: An Impression 73
The Background of Matisse ..... Horace Holley 74
Correspondence 76
Drama: A New Shakespeare ..... Francis Hackett 78
Books and Things ..... P. L. 79
Reviews of Books .....
The Spirit of Party ..... Oliver Madox Hueffer 80
"North of Boston" ..... Amy Lowell 81
Recent Books 82

GOODWILL has not been lacking this winter in the effort to deal with unemployment. There has been a considerable recognition of official responsibility, an almost endless series of committees, and plenty of hard work by individuals. But looked at in the large the results are pitiable, the action grudging, the progress insignificant. Two fundamental reasons may be given. We were unprepared, we had no machinery, no organization, no plan, and so goodwill found no channels ready into which it could flow. It degenerated into that classic activity known as "For Gawd's sake, let's do something." But this unreadiness rests, we believe, on a deeper reason, and that is that the unemployed, the victims of the bungling, have not made themselves felt as a social force. They are not a powerful interest like the real estate owners, the cotton planters, or the bankers. They are submerged in a real sense, submerged below the level at which they count in public opinion. They have been quiet this winter, law-abiding, docile, all that the most frightened conservative could wish. And what do they receive promised any better organization of the labor market, any form of national labor exchange, any form of unemployment insurance, any concerted, drastic attempt to deal better with the evil next year? The unemployed were mentioned in the President's speech at Indianapolis. They are mentioned occasionally to fill up time in a filibustering speech, or used as a brick to hit the Democrats with. But in any sincere sense they are forgotten and neglected.

LAST July a notorious Chicago speculator in commodities disgustedly turned his back on a crop of 891,000,000 bushels of American wheat then harvesting and went to Europe, saying the stuff would sell below seventy cents a bushel. It was quoted between seventy-five and eighty cents on the Chicago Board of Trade. The crop was the largest ever produced in this country. There was no incentive to sell it for a fall, as the price already was at or below the farmer's cost of production. No man in his senses could think of buying it for a rise. Therefore there was no speculative opportunity on either side of wheat, which was fit only to eat at the producer's expense. A month later Europe was at war, and the same speculator, on a returning steamer, was buying wheat by wireless for a rise. In six months the price more than doubled. In July it had been hard to imagine selling at a reasonable profit in the markets of the world an exportable surplus of 275,000,000 bushels; in January the government at Washington was solicited to place an embargo upon exports. In the meantime no wheat had been destroyed, the number of people to consume it had not increased. If in July there was more wheat than people could be expected to eat at eighty cents, and if also the per capita consumption had actually been reduced by measures of war which frugality imposed upon the civil population of Europe, why should there be a scarcity in January at a dollar and sixty cents? The answer is that so far there is really no scarcity

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ple, there is yet plenty. For any deficiency in certain places, as in Germany, owing to the obstruction of commerce by war, there is a corresponding surplus in other places, as in this country, where there is still much more than will be required for domestic consumption before the next harvest. Only about half our exportable surplus has left the country. The remainder is in elevators awaiting sale, or in freight cars at seaport terminals awaiting bottoms, or in farmers' bins, where it is safe and will not spoil. It is not a present scarcity that makes wheat dear, as dear in Chicago as in Liverpool, as dear to the American as to the European consumer; it is the expectation of scarcity later on that has made it dear. And that, of course, means speculation. The high price of wheat is obviously a speculative price. If the war in Europe should end to-morrow, the price would probably fall headlong to a dollar, to ninety cents, possibly lower, even with six months to wait for the next harvest. But the case against speculation is yet by no means admitted, and that against the individual speculator has hardly been stated.

THE United States District Attorney at Chicago has required the members of the Board of Trade to report to him all speculative accounts in wheat above 30,000 bushels, as of a certain recent date. It will be a very interesting exhibit, no doubt, though perhaps a futile one. The investigation, as usual, is tardy. The high price of wheat has tended not only to check consumption all over the world, but at the same time to limit and penalize speculation. Brokers now are demanding twenty-five and thirty cents a bushel margin on wheat trades, which is almost prohibitive. They intend it to be; they are afraid of the market. As for the big individual operators, like the one who belittled wheat in July, none of them had the courage or the imagination to get the whole profit, or more than half of it. The biggest speculator of them all began to buy around eighty cents and was all out under a dollar and a quarter. Many who made money in the first half of the rise have lost it since selling wheat for a fall. From eighty or ninety cents to, say, a dollar-thirty there was an enormous private and public speculation. During many weeks the Stock Exchange was closed, and there was nothing else to trade in. Large holders of securities, knowing that the war would hurt them on that side, bought wheat for a rise as a kind of insurance. It was good business. Where the big speculators began to take profits, the miscellaneous public began to come in, because it was then beginning to be obvious. Stock Exchanger things have happened," and "nothing is little of the only business that was doing. For weeks and weeks, gamblers, intelligent speculators and brokers lived on the wheat pits. That is speculation of the kind most complained of; and yet it would have been mainly impossible or unprofitable but for the irresistible speculation of the countries at war.

THE countries at war have been the real buyers of real wheat, and have contracted for it in immense quantities in expectation of scarcity later on. Speculators knew they would do it, and anticipated the effect; farmers knew the speculators would do it, and in turn were encouraged to hold back their wheat. Those who lacked foresight of their own were furnished with it by the Department of Agriculture. And now, with the big individual speculators out of the wheat market and afraid of it, and with the embargo of almost prohibitive margins on miscellaneous public speculation for a further rise, the governments and big dealers of Europe are still buying on every reaction in price, the wheat to be held in this country until it can be shipped. All that Board of Trade speculation has done has been to hasten and to assist a rise that might otherwise have been spread over a longer period of time. But for such speculation the price of wheat might be only a dollar twenty-five a bushel and loaves might still be five cents each, and by this time perhaps the whole of the American surplus would have been optioned off to Europe at prices thirty, forty and fifty cents less per bushel than have been obtained for the half of it. The rapidity and amount of the rise have so protected the surplus that we have yet plenty of wheat to hold against contingencies. On the whole it is better that wheat should be dear in expectation of a scarcity than that it should be dear for actual scarcity. In one case it is a question of price only, and the price tends to make people do with less; whereas in the other case it is a question of food —a scarcity all the earlier and more acute for the failure to consume the supply frugally before it gave out.

THE movement to make William Howard Taft the Democratic choice for the Republican nomination in 1916 is rapidly gaining momentum. Originating in the South, where Mr. Taft has enjoyed great popularity since the evening of November 5, 1912, the boom has worked northward, gaining troops of friends among the followers of Jefferson and Jackson. As the movement grew it discarded such cautious phrases as "stran-

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guishing, it was given new vigor by the ex-President's labor-is-a-privileged-class speech. In Washington it had a debonair manner, as of one who has been dining with the best people; and it struck fire in Pennsylvania although many a Keystoner had set his heart upon voting against Penrose. Finally it reached New York and received the endorsement of as sober a second thinker as the *Times*. The pre-nomination friends of Representative Mann are finding the going increasingly rough; advocates of Governor—what's-his-name, now?—of Ohio are beginning to wear a hunted look. Favorite sons everywhere are being sacrificed upon the altar of party solidarity.

REPUBLICANS seem to be falling into the usual error of a weak and incompetent opposing party. They are expecting to reap in 1916 the entire benefit of the current mistakes of the administration. Now that the legislative plans of President Wilson have miscarried, they declare that the prestige of the President as a party leader is destroyed and the administration is hopelessly wrecked. But in counting so confidently upon Democratic unpopularity in the fall of 1916, they ignore one important consideration. Even though the attempt to force the Ship Purchase bill upon a reluctant party and an indifferent country was a mistake, President Wilson and the Democrats are still playing the major hand in the game. The Democracy has both a leader and a policy, while the Republicans have neither a leader nor a policy. The failure which has attended the President's legislative plans of the present session is a promising and invigorating failure. He has made a hard fight for an honest attempt to meet a grave defect in our national commercial equipment. By so doing he has consolidated the radical and fearless element in his own party and accustomed them to the idea of the drastic and courageous handling of serious economic questions. The Democrats are more than ever an aggressive fighting body. With any kind of luck and good management they should be able during the coming year to regain some of their lost prestige. Of course business may continue to be stagnant and the Democrats may continue to make mistakes, but a Republican party which planned to live on the mistakes of its opponents would under modern conditions have to be content with a precarious life and would fairly invite an early death. Is the Grand Old Party satisfied with the role of being a negative alternative to the Democrats?

LOOKING forward to the campaign of 1916, doxical. The country is passing, so it is supposed, through a period of reaction. During a period of reaction a party or a candidate would presumably solicit popular favor by a cautious and even abstemious political and economic program. The Republicans are consequently being cautious in everything except words, and abstemious about everything except offices. But they need to carry their analysis a little further. Although a tendency to conservatism may dominate public opinion, a merely conservative program is not going to win the next election. The election of last fall showed the Republicans and the Democrats to possess at present a substantially equal voting strength. The balance is held by a body of Progressives amounting approximately to 1,750,000 votes. Neither of the older parties can win which does not capture the support of a substantial proportion of these independent radicals. Up to date the chances of making the capture favor the Democrats. Under the President's leadership they are showing initiative, courage, and a readiness to meet an unprecedented situation with equally unprecedented measures. Their opponents, the Republicans, have behaved as if they expected to seduce the ear of the American public in 1916 with the campaign melodies of 1896. But those old songs are pleasing chiefly to elderly men. The votes of elderly men do not win elections. The Republicans have not even made an appeal to the aggressively national feeling which lies not far below the surface in the case of the majority of Americans. They have done nothing to convince the country of their interest in increased military preparedness or a more vigorous foreign policy. At a time when the minds of eager men and women are being stirred as never before by a sense of larger opportunities and heavier responsibilities and by the anticipation of momentous events, they expect to win and keep the confidence of a great people by adding to the promise of a prosperity for which they would not be responsible that of an economy which they are incapable of achieving.

IN Moundsville, West Virginia, stands a prison wherein the men convicts have for many years toiled at the making of men's shirts and women's silk petticoats. The contractor who buys their work from the state of West Virginia pays fifty cents a day per prisoner for it. Because he finds the business profitable, and perhaps out of misplaced sympathy for the gentlemanly ex-convict who tries to make an honest living with no accomplishment but a trade practiced exclusively by

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merrily forward at seventy cents a day. This is hard enough on the prisoner, but perhaps even harder yet on the honest manufacturer of shirts and petticoats outside who must meet this cut throat competition in the market. Certain states in their wisdom have ruled that their markets shall not be flooded with the product of their prisons. But there is no machinery whereby they can prevent the prison-made goods of other states from entering their borders. When the members of the Consumers' League object to the wages paid in a Massachusetts shirt factory, the answer promptly comes back: "Do *something* to stop the Moundville contractor!" And so the Booher-Hughes bill was introduced into Congress, requiring simply that goods made by prison contract labor when shipped into another state should become subject to the laws thereof. The House of Representatives has four times passed this bill, the last time by a vote of 302 to 3. It has been favorably reported by the Senate committee, and its friends are looking for a chance to bring it to a vote in the Senate before March fourth. An extra session would mean a new Congress and a new start from the very beginning.

THE current statements as to the size of the British army do not mean that the forces now at the disposal of the Empire reach a total of 3,000,000 men. They mean that this figure is fully provided for in the financial estimates and that, without resort to any hitherto untried means of recruiting, the third million can be completed by the middle of this year. At the present moment, without counting the Indian Army, Great Britain has more than two million men actually under arms or in an advanced stage of training, and the House of Commons has without a word of protest given the government a blank check for military expenditures, not to be accounted for until the war is over. If any evidence were needed—and it is not—of the temper of England with regard to the struggle, we have it here. The Under-Secretary for War, who presented the bill, made the accustomed veiled reference to further heavy sacrifices in store; but no one need suppose that the Liberal Government is preparing to throw over the voluntary system which has produced results of so impressive a character, for a system of compulsion which would in a moment destroy the unexampled unity of the British people. Such a step would, of course, give away the moral case against continental militarism. There is, however, one point that should not be overlooked. England has escaped conscription by statute, but she has invented, employing class which has grave drawbacks of its own. In the long run a free and instructed democracy would certainly choose in preference to such an expedient some scheme of universal national service.

FOR six weeks in the Illinois lower house it has been a question whether party affiliations or liquor affiliations would determine the election of the speaker. Mr. "Dave" Shanahan, "wet" Republican, made a high bid for a regular party nomination. "If I were elected speaker by both sides of this house," he said last week, "'Dave' Shanahan would be a political crook." Seeing that 49 Democrats joined with 31 Republicans to thrust the honor upon him, the inference about Mr. Shanahan is obvious. Welcomed as a defeat for "self-anointed tin halo" prohibitionists, this climax to its longest deadlock is really a sign that the worst elements in the Illinois legislature are alive and in business. As a result of this "wet" victory, the political prospects in Illinois are worse than if the speakership had been determined on familiar lines. But in the rawness of the deal there is some hope that the people of Illinois will observe their political thermometer.

The Goose and the Gander

GERMANY'S declaration of a "war zone" in English and French waters has assumed a new but not less dangerous complexion in view of recent representations of the German Foreign Office to the State Department. German submarines will refrain from sinking British merchant ships, and neutral vessels need not fear "accidents," provided Great Britain engages not to prevent the importation into Germany of food destined for the civil population. Berlin holds the threatened "war zone" to be a justifiable reprisal upon a belligerent power, which is interfering with Germany in the exercise of a manifest legal right to purchase food in neutral countries. So stated, the German position becomes ominously strong. It has been assumed ostensibly for the purpose of preventing the Allies from "starving" German and Austrian noncombatants. As a matter of fact, there is no danger of starvation in Germany, nor is there likely to be for some time to come. The real object of the German diplomatic raid is to embroil neutral powers with Great Britain. Under the existing rulings of international law, neutrals are entitled to sell food for the use of civilians in belligerent coun-

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right to trade. The argument is not subtle, but it serves to drive the issue home. Should neutrals exert pressure on London and Great Britain yield, Germany could replenish her stock of provisions. If Great Britain should not yield, Germany will have an excuse for reprisals. In either event bad blood might be stirred up between the mistress of the sea and neutral powers.

Unless the Allies declare and maintain an effective blockade of German ports, the German position is a strong one. In the absence of such a blockade the right of a belligerent to import food for its civil population is well established. Great Britain has claimed, in its latest note, that food be considered absolute contraband when imported into a country whose government controls the distribution of provisions among both soldiers and civilians. The contention is without precedent, and neutral traders would seem entitled, if they wished, to question its legality. The law of contraband has been developed in the attempt to restrict within reasonable limits belligerent interference with commerce. Food has therefore been classified as conditional contraband in order to minimize as far as possible the distress wrought by war on civilians. There has also been a natural desire to keep alive this important branch of neutral trade. In Germany to-day there are millions of people who are not fighting or preparing to fight, but who are and will continue to be engaged in peaceful industry and commerce. It is true that importations of food for civilians releases an equal amount for consumption of armies in the field. Such imports, if permitted, would give a distinct military advantage to Germany, but the law of contraband has always sacrificed certain military advantages in deference to neutral interests and what have been deemed to be considerations of humanity. As a question of international law there would seem to be reasonable ground for Germany's assertion that food should be retained on the list of conditional contraband, despite the alleged German government control over the distribution of domestic supplies. The issue at present is legal rather than humanitarian.

By blockading Germany, Austria and Turkey, the Allies might run the risk of losing a number of vessels, but they would be legally entitled, if they were able, completely to isolate the Teutonic powers from the rest of the world. If, in the absence of such an effective blockade, the United States fails to insist upon its legal right to export food for the consumption of German civilians, Germany may have just cause for complaint against our government. The very firmness and finality of the recent American protest against the dangers to neutrals of the establishment of a "war zone" exhibit no less firmness whenever Great Britain displays a similar lack of consideration for neutral rights. The United States is the only neutral power whose protests are likely to be heeded, and it must persist in calling the attention of belligerents to their tendency to encroach upon established practice and innocent trade.

Americans are already becoming unpopular in London and Berlin. If our government continues scrupulously to safeguard neutral rights, their unpopularity will probably increase. Germans and British alike expect us to condone their own endeavors to rewrite international law and to condemn the attempts of their enemy. Yet in spite of the irritation of the belligerents, the United States must for the present resist any departure from the firm ground of legal precedent. The way of the neutral may be as hard as the way of the transgressor, but it runs a straight and a clear course. International law is likely to be profoundly modified as a result of this war, but the United States should not now attempt to enunciate, nor can we accept, new theories while hostilities are in progress. We were in a position at the beginning of the war to disregard technical neutrality in the interest of a better international system. We failed to take advantage of this opportunity, and having done so and made our choice, we must abide by it. It may later be possible for us to aid in converting neutrality into a positive principle. Until that chance presents itself, however, the best service which the United States can render is by preventing, if possible, aggression upon established neutral rights. These rights may not amount to much, but they may at least prevent the destruction wrought by war from becoming utterly indiscriminate.

Paul Kellogg Muckraked

THE March issue of *Pearson's Magazine* contains an article by Mr. George Creel entitled "How 'Tainted' Money Taints." Its purpose is to prove that Mr. Paul Kellogg, editor of the *Survey*, is corrupted intellectually by the influence of great wealth. Mr. Kellogg has done two things to arouse Mr. Creel's anger. The first is that he has criticised the slipshod methods of the Industrial Relations Commission; the other is that he once wrote a very much qualified editorial approving the intention of the Rockefeller Foundation to investigate the Colorado strike. All this happened at the beginning of October. Chairman Walsh was at the time stung into fury, and wrote to Mr. Kellogg that "the editorial is cunning and dishonest. Though I sincerely regret it, I am

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to publish the same, at this time, by your patrons and masters, and that you are ashamed of it." Mr. Kellogg demanded proof, there were recriminations backward and forward, and the whole controversy was published in the *Survey* of November fourteenth. There it lay until Mr. Creel dressed it up as an article for *Pearson's* and made it a direct attack on Mr. Paul Kellogg's honesty. We do not propose now to go into a discussion of the points raised. But we have read Mr. Kellogg's original editorial about the Rockefeller Foundation, and we have read the extracts which Mr. Creel quotes in order to prove his case. It is curious, to say the least, that in his desire to show the taint on Mr. Kellogg there should be no reference to that part of the editorial in which Mr. Kellogg wrote:

> ". . . it must not be forgotten that this [the Colorado strike] is a very different field from that in which the other Rockefeller philanthropies have operated. In their bacteriological laboratories they are dealing with a subject matter which cannot strike back; in a field where there are no great self-conscious interests at stake in keeping things as they are or in changing them this way or that. . . . the hookworm campaign has not had any well-defined commercial and exploiting interests to contend with . . . In the industrial sphere they for the first time enter a field where black and white are not so simple; where the contending forces each feel that they are in the right; where, however they or the public may seek to forget it, the Rockefeller group themselves are a party to the situation."

In the face of statements like this Mr. Creel has the impudence to hold Mr. Kellogg up to public scorn and accuse him of being corrupted intellectually by the Rockefeller money. Mr. Creel can make his point, however, only by suppressing Mr. Kellogg's perfectly clear-sighted recognition of the danger in the Rockefeller inquiry. So he suppressed it. But what evidence, you may ask, does he produce to expose Mr. Kellogg? According to Mr. Creel, "the most cunning and dishonest point in the editorial" is a reference to the fact that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Charles McCarthy, head of the investigating staff of the Industrial Relations Commission, were "football colleagues" at Brown University. To Mr. Creel's mind this is a sinister attempt to identify the Rockefellers and "McCarthy, the iron-jawed democrat," in some kind of common humanity. He offers it as an example of one of the shrewd ways in which tainted money taints.

If it weren't for the fact that Mr. Creel is a personal friend and close adviser of Chairman Walsh, if it weren't for Mr. Creel's own valiant basis of this article, deserve to be treated as a negligible victim of silly delusions. As it is, his attack will undoubtedly do Mr. Kellogg some harm. We wish therefore to call attention to a few points in Mr. Kellogg's record. In 1912, one year before the Colorado strike began, the *Survey* investigated the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, and published an exposure of conditions in the face of a threat of court proceedings from the chairman of the board of directors. Mr. Kellogg was also the editor of the six volumes known as the "Pittsburg Survey," in our opinion the most crushing indictment of modern industrialism made anywhere in the world. This work was financed by the Russell Sage Foundation, and the investigation was carried on at a time when the *Survey Magazine* was published by a committee of the Charity Organization Society of which Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Sr., was treasurer. In 1910, when the Rockefeller Foundation was asking for a charter from Congress, Dr. Edward Devine wrote in the *Survey* ". . . that forty millions, or four millions, should be taken annually from the produce of industry . . . is but a new form of the 'dead hand.' "

All this is ignored by Mr. Creel, and Mr. Kellogg is treated as if he and his associates were the paid apologists of the rich. It is preposterous, but it is cruel. It is one of the worst cases of brutal stupidity that muckraking has produced, and there is no excuse for Mr. Creel but to state the plain fact that he is a reckless and incompetent person who has at last revealed the quality of his mind. He has shown himself incapable of judging evidence, and determined to make a noise no matter what canons of truthfulness he violates. For in this instance he has chosen as a victim one of the most persistent, able, and effective critics of capitalism that this country knows—a man who has proved that it is not necessary to lie about modern industry in order to indict it.

First Aids to Editors

MR. Norman Hapgood remarked in a recent issue of *Harper's Weekly* that he had taken no stand on the Ship Purchase bill because he did not know enough about it. Editors should thank him for a confession which lays aside so generously the burden of omniscience. For it is a burden. To every one subject about which the editor knows something there are at least a hundred about which he knows nothing. But time and the calendar are relentless. The printing-press yawns for copy at a specific hour, setting a nice limit on the opportuni-

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between supper and midnight whether a war zone is a blockade, whether the German-Americans will stand for a stiff protest to Germany, whether a Hapsburg, a Hohenzollern or a Romanoff ought to sit on the non-existent throne of Poland, whether the Gore bill is more likely than the Weeks bill to bring a cataclysm upon the quivering business interests of the nation. If in addition to all this the editor has to protect the home and preserve the family, he is likely to be a very busy man.

But for certain convenient first aids, no editor would survive. The simplest is now somewhat old-fashioned. It consists in being loyal to the party, worshipful of the business man, fervid about the flag, and chivalrous to women. Once upon a time this formula was an almost perfect substitute for intelligence, but of late it has lost much of its charm. It is being superseded by a method that is on the whole best identified with the New York *Times*. It is not a difficult method to learn. Suppose the editor is discussing votes for women; all he needs to do is to pronounce the stupendous judgment that "the grant of suffrage to women is repugnant to instincts that strike their roots deep in the order of nature." What is required here for skillful practice is little more than a knowledge of the order of nature, and a competent secretary to keep count of the instincts. Miracles always follow, for experience shows that whatever the editor dislikes will prove also to have been in disfavor when God created the universe.

There are other short cuts to wisdom. Among them may be mentioned the accurate discriminations of the New York *Evening Post*. With some exceptions its editors will be found supporting anything which, 1, is not approved by Theodore Roosevelt; 2, was approved by ante-bellum abolitionists; 3, may be approved by a not too ruddy patriarch whose reminiscences stretch back to the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. If these tests fail, a brave word may be said either for oppressed natives in Tibet or for civil service reform.

The labor of writing can be lightened also by embracing a symmetrical program founded on a clear-cut analysis of society. As convenient as any is a division of mankind into exploiter and exploited, followed by the assumption that whatever the exploiters believe is wrong, whatever the exploited believe is right. This formula has helped many a revolutionary paper past the whirlpools of doubt. To the statement that labor as a class is wronged, the totally irrelevant conclusion is attached that labor can itself do no wrong. Though this means a certain economy of effort for the editor, it has the grave journalistic disadvantage of is there forever. It seems at times as if few things are so immutable as the disciples of the prophets of change.

Yet these editorial first aids are, after all, efforts to deal with real situations. But not all editors wish to deal with them, and in a solemn and busy world this abstinence is a happy fact. Man cannot live by editorials alone. The question is whether he can live by sketches of photographs of dolls. Grant that the girls who beckon to him so competitively from any newsstand are blondes and brunettes, slender and plump, athletic and rosy, sophisticated and ingénue, full face, profiles, back view, to be kissed and not to be kissed, in repose or standing on one leg, custom does nevertheless stale the creature's infinite variety. She is, for one thing, clearly incapable of conversation. She offers no middle course between infatuation and utter boredom, and she is designed either to reduce a man to doting idiocy or to send him scampering for solitude.

But there are times when she is very tempting; when, for example, an editor has to study the Ship Purchase bill. He cannot help thinking fondly that she fills many a vacuum, and that on the whole she is less of a luxury than Norman Hapgood's confession. For in the last analysis Mr. Hapgood has emphasized one of the grave weaknesses of the primitive conceptions of democracy. He has admitted the limitations of the amateur, and has implied that in the complexity of modern affairs the will of the people must lean again and again upon the trusted expert. An editor is necessarily an amateur. He is a man whose vocation it is to be an amateur. He gives all his time to being a layman, and in general he has a better chance than the ordinary busy person to think about the issues of the day. If he tries to think originally, if he refuses to lean on a party, a knowledge of God's intentions, or a formula, he is confronted constantly with problems for which he has not the data nor the technique to make up his mind.

What is there for him to do but make an effort to associate with specialists who seem to accept the same general postulates about human affairs? He must inevitably turn to the expert with whom he feels a vague kinship. So he makes less pretense to judging technical issues, and tries instead to judge the humanity, the intellectual quality, and the personal aspiration of those who advise him. This perhaps is the only way in which that abstract thing, the will of the people, can translate itself into definite decisions. It rests on the belief that reason will not go blindly wrong if the will is good, that those who feel in the same way would, if they had the necessary training, think

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A Captain of Revolt

AMONG the Gods Momus was never truly relished. At first their majesties protested how spicy he was and how much they enjoyed the rogue. But as his barbs reached home they pondered him. Was he in the best taste? Had he real godlike sympathies? Was he a good Olympian at heart? His later quips found the audience immobile. At last, to the delight of the brotherhood, the prodigious Zeus himself was enraged, and they roared with pleasure when Zeus flung dignity aside and kicked Momus bodily from the heights.

Strange to relate, this behavior is recorded unsympathetically by the historian. Although Momus was undoubtedly provoking, it is the gods whom the historian censures. "Better for them," he drily observes, "had they with Reason fenced, or smiled corrected!" They cheerfully expelled their critic, but their cheerfulness was blind. In his absence they began to wallow. They "fed to dire fatness off uncurbed conceit. Eyes under saw them waddle on their Mount, and drew them down; to flattest earth they rolled."

For the full version of this celebrated brawl one must go back to George Meredith's "Ode to the Comic Spirit." At the present time, however, it is enough to recall the main episode when all the big Olympians and all the little thunderworms of England are rejoicing that Mr. H. G. Wells, assuming the character of Zeus, has acted for the united brotherhood and metaphorically kicked Bernard Shaw from the heights. Whether or not Mr. Wells is already "feeding to dire fatness off uncurbed conceit" is not our present concern. At a moment when he is busy advising Holland to plunge its knife "into the back of Germany," for rewards which he lavishly guarantees, it does appear as if he were deliberately fitting himself for the plight announced by Meredith. But the fat waddlings of Mr. Wells are another story. The story now worth considering is that of Bernard Shaw.

In the mouths of most of those who call Shaw a jester it is a word of friendly but disparaging dismissal. Less exasperated than those who term him mountebank and charlatan, they still do not value very deeply his "satiric comments overbold." They think of him as a man insistently witty and clever, but one who would rather be clever than sincere. They do not think of him as a merry social Master, calling up "the hounds of laughter" to hunt ubiquitous folly. Or if they do, the hunt is only a pastime. They do not choose to believe it deepest, tenderest gratitude; and I was totally in-

And the majority who enjoy Shaw's raillery comfort themselves that his is not the real world. To him nothing is sacred but certain reasonable principles, nothing serious but a game of innovation. Like a goat among sheep, he evades obedience and subservience, bounding from craggy height to craggy height, contemptuously agile, sustained on sparse herbs. Observed in this eccentric behavior, he is felt to be amusing, but inconsequential. For, after all, the real planet is one assuring warmth, deep with a rotting but nourishing humus of tradition, a tilth for affection and sentiment. It is not so much that Shaw is flippant as that he is inhuman, a being restlessly critical and icily brilliant; a being whose ideal is a glassy globe, coruscating in a sun without heat. He is "advanced" but theoretic, a critic of political baby-kissing whose chief trouble is that he has never needed office badly himself.

If Shaw is thus taken with levity, one of the principal culprits is Shaw. It is not merely that at times he has lived up to his own smart saying that "to understand all is to forgive nothing"—as in his criticism of doctors. Nor is it only that, in the words of C. E. Montague, his corrosive test for bad money "bites almost as well into good." On these points alone he requires to be fenced with Reason. But the most serious source of misunderstanding is Shaw's own sportive attitude toward himself. Nearly twenty years ago he showed his disregard for conventional reticence. "For ten years past," he said in 1898, "with an unprecedented pertinacity and obstination, I have been dinning into the public head that I am an extraordinarily witty, brilliant and clever man. That is now part of the public opinion of England; and no power in heaven or on earth will ever change it." He was right, of course, but he failed to see that the principle worked both ways. Just as his cleverness became a conviction, largely by dint of reiteration, so his advertised want of heart became an impregnable popular conviction as well. In his own trap he caught himself.

For it was Shaw who took such pains to differentiate between the side of his character he slighted as "artistic and sentimental," and the side he exalted for "its morality, its positive elements, its common sense, its incorrigible Protestant respectability." It was he who mockingly proclaimed that under an anaesthetic he overflowed with "heart," meaning by heart the bliss of lying and romancing. "I acted and lied in the most touchingly sympathetic fashion; I felt prepared to receive unlimited kindness from everybody with the

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immense success; morally, I simply had no existence." Establishing, for the purposes of satire, this antimony between sentiment and intellect, feeling and morality, Shaw provoked expected laughter, but he did not make that laughter perceptive, and he gave an easy weapon to every victim of his wit.

As a result of his delight in making mischief, his "real imp of genius, all keen, cruel retina and shameless, cutting tongue," the time has now come when, standing almost alone, Shaw is remembered as reckless and disregarded as critically profound. At a time when practically every other captain of revolt has lost heart and faith, Shaw has had no difficulty in validating his lifelong opposition to blind categories and murderous obediences. But because he has sometimes acted the Jackeen out of wilfulness, we find him savagely accused of lack of loyalty, lack of intellect, lack of conviction; compared to a screaming idiot whose mere existence is a nuisance almost unendurable.

And the curious fact about this supposedly malicious wit is his essential humanity and amenity. It is true that Shaw has scored a little cheaply on such subjects as, for example, the United States, and has taken humorous profit on such slim security as the human prejudice against political cabinets. But for the most part he has played less on popular prejudice and pride than any living satirist. By laughter only can you destroy evil without malice, and affirm good fellowship without mawkishness." So he has written, and so practiced. As Momus among the gods, he has spared none of them from Shakespeare down, but the very gravity that led him to hail Brieux as a genius and that induced him to argue rabidly for Richard Strauss has informed his life as a critic. He has manifested "heart" by correcting its excesses, and doing so with bracing candor. If he speaks of Shakespeare with friendly irreverence, it is only because, being incapable of snobbishness, he is also incapable of being a toady. And that he is incapable of snobbishness is the clearest truth. It quickly comes to the mind of any writer that of fellow critics like William Archer, A. B. Walkley, Clement Scott, Max Beerbohm, G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, he has always spoken with more than urbane consideration, with spontaneous good feeling and ease. That he should blush when publicly kissed by Anatole France is perhaps an unfortunate social inheritance; but he did not blush, as many a pious Englishman would have blushed, because he was kissed by the author of "The Wicker-Work Woman." In all his many encounters he has fought not as a duellist to take life but as a surgeon to give it. He has dealt with ugly facts antiseptically, whether personal, social gentleness of which so much is made, the gentleness of "the soft and cruel."

By nature a critic, Bernard Shaw has probably done more than any other living writer to give to the wide democratic public a keen consciousness of the institutions under which they live. Incorporated into our age, his wisdom already seems part of our own wisdom, and his brilliance ours. But that his work is not yet finished recent events have proved. According to accepted categories, Shaw is now out of touch—a jester, a flippant critic, a Momus expelled. Yet, for anyone who disregards his own badinage, there is in his work ample assurance of just the right "core of heart." To call him a sentimentalist is absurd, but between his lines there is a wide space for imaginative insertion, and sometimes, indeed, insertion is needless—daws could almost peck at the heart in "Androcles and the Lion." It is not because he is callous and frivolous that Shaw has been cast from Olympus. If a reason must be offered, not in defense but in elucidation, is it not mainly because patience has departed from those who must necessarily hate Momus, the children of "uncorrected heart"?

The Menace of Inflation

IF there is augury in lucky beginnings, the Federal Reserve bank system will bear a charmed life. Men were holding fast to a faith in miracles when they delivered it—prematurely, as many believed, and hazardously, as everyone knew. The American export trade had utterly collapsed under the first shock of war. International credit processes had been suddenly stopped. Bankers had formed a gold pool of $108,000,000 to pay the more urgent of our maturing obligations abroad, and a credit pool of $135,000,000 to carry the unsalable cotton crop. The United States Treasury had issued $385,000,000 in emergency currency, and Wall Street had heroically arrested a panic and shut it up inside the New York Stock Exchange.

The Federal Reserve Board at Washington was powerless to aid in any of these matters, except by giving advice, because its own banking machinery had not yet been called into existence. The question now began to be debated whether it would be better to call it into being in a parlous financial time, or defer that event and trust to the emergency measures already adopted. Counsel of action prevailed. On short notice November sixteenth was fixed as the day on which the twelve Federal Reserve banks should open their doors for business. Moreover, all the 7,500-odd National and other banks that were to become members of the new

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the first instalment of reserves to be transferred by the member banks from one another's vaults to the vaults of the Federal Reserve banks could be made either in gold or acceptable current assets, but now they were asked for all gold, which meant a sudden relocation of $225,000,000 of gold money. They responded. But the only reason they could make their deposits in gold without embarrassment was that, owing to the brooding nature of the financial signs, they had previously been building up gold reserves in their own vaults, despite the disapproval of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The ease with which the thing was done was reassuring. People began to see that the worst had happened. Export trade amazingly revived. Neither of the great bankers' pools was needed. And all the time general business in the country had been undergoing liquidation and was already much contracted. Therefore the Federal Reserve bank system at the beginning of its existence found itself in a kind of vacuum. It fixed its discount rates at five and a half and six per cent, and no customers applied.

It must be kept in mind that the Federal Reserve banks sell their credit only to member banks, and that only the members' banks sell credit directly to the public. They do that exactly as before. When the member banks run out of credit, or get "all loaned up," as bankers say, they go to the Federal Reserve banks, pledge their assets for more, and sell that to the public. Such is the theory. It is plain that when the member banks have so much unemployed credit and the demand for it is so slack that they have to sell it to their customers at five and five and a half per cent, they will not buy from the Federal Reserve banks at five and a half and six per cent.

As that was the situation when the Federal Reserve banks opened for business in November, they found no business to do. The rates charged for credit by the member banks to the public are called the open market rates. These steadily declined. Then the Federal Reserve banks reduced discount rates. Open market rates continued to decline and the Federal Reserve banks continued to reduce discount rates, until now, on a generally lower level, the situation is the same as at the beginning. The Federal Reserve banks are offering credit to the member banks at four and four and a half per cent in the twelve different regions, but the member banks refuse it, because they still have plenty of their own and are selling it at three and a half to four and a quarter per cent. Therefore the Federal Reserve banks have continued up to their own resources free so far as they can for more

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combined statement, $257,000,000 of cash, mainly in gold, and the total of their discounts, that is, of credits extended to member banks, was less than $13,000,000. The only thing they had really done in those three months was to expedite the retirement of the $385,000,000 of emergency currency distributed by the United States Treasury before they came into existence. They so managed their discount inducements in the South as to be able to substitute Federal Reserve notes for emergency currency. That was a matter of pride and impatience. The emergency currency was perfectly sound and would have retired itself fast enough owing to a progressive tax, but it was nevertheless an eyesore, and besides, the Federal Reserve banks had little else than this to do, except to make rules for the future.

But so far from deserving to be regarded with dissatisfaction for their inactivity in credit on a falling away of interest rates, the Federal Reserve banks ought rather to be questioned as to their intentions. Did they intend to sell credit on a falling market, and was that why they kept marking down their discount rates? If they did, then their attitude toward the credit market is wrong to begin with, for when the member banks have plenty of credit of their own and are selling it cheap, the Federal Reserve banks ought not to be trying to inject theirs into the market at all. That leads only to inflation. As they cannot be expected, however, to account for their intentions toward something that did not happen, we shall merely inquire what is likely to take place when interest rates rise again.

The Federal Reserve banks are now keeping a nominal discount rate of four to four and a half per cent. The open market rate is, say, three and a half to four and a quarter per cent. A few months, perhaps only a few weeks, of renewed activity in general business might so increase the demand for commercial credit that the member banks could raise the open market price. Then what would the Federal Reserve banks do? If, as interest rates begin to rise, the Reserve banks lift their discount rates, there is bound to be a clamor against them on the ground that they withhold the "people's credit" so that the bankers can charge more. If instead they do not keep their discount rates a little above a working parity with the open market rates, then a worse thing will happen. Unable to increase the charge for credit to commercial borrowers, the member banks will be inclined to utilize Federal Reserve bank credit more and more for commercial purposes, and keep

not acceptable to the Federal Reserve banks, whose credit can be used only in commercial ways. Thus a member bank, instead of using its own credit to discount commercial paper at four and a half per cent or perhaps five, would take it to the Federal Reserve bank directly and lend its own credit at four and a half and six per cent in other ways—on Stock Exchange collateral, in underwriting syndicates, in buying the notes of corporations, and the like. Therefore on the first revival in general business the credit of the Federal Reserve banks would begin to be drawn upon unnecessarily, whereas so far as possible, or at least very largely, it ought to be reserved as a potentiality.

The amount of credit expansion possible to take place in the next three years under the Federal Reserve banks system is approximately a billion and a half dollars, and has been estimated even higher. It is derived in two ways. The reserve required to be kept by National banks against demand deposits is so reduced as greatly to increase the lending power of a dollar. A portion of these reduced reserves shall be deposited with the Federal Reserve banks, and against each dollar of gold they may issue two and a half dollars of Federal Reserve notes. The credit expansion made possible by reducing the amount of reserve required to be held against demand deposits is wholly in the control of the member banks, independently of the Federal Reserve banks. That addition to the country's credit supply is alone enough to finance a volume of business greater than was ever transacted before, and as the amount of present business is away below normal, it is clear that the Federal Reserve banks themselves are not legitimately required, and ought not to be required for a long time yet, to exert their power of expanding credit. But if they are so conducted as to perform the popular function of keeping interest rates down, then we shall soon all begin to see that wonderful inflation which Wall Street speculators already see in a rosy distance not very far off. They look at the idle funds of the Federal Reserve banks, and knowing the American temperament perhaps better than bankers or statesmen, they say, "Money cannot stay idle in this country. People will clamor for it and they will get it out."

There will be clamor enough. It will be hard to persuade people to pay five and a half or six per cent for credit with hundreds of millions idle in the vaults of the Federal Reserve banks—the people's banks. What sound of woe and indignation would fill the land if the Federal Reserve banks, to force liquidation and put on the brakes, should raise their rates above the open market rates, as the Bank of England sometimes does and People would say it increased bankers' profits, and that might be true, but there is no other way to put on the brakes than to raise the price of credit.

It is not the function of the Federal Reserve bank system primarily or at all to make credit cheap, though unfortunately that delusion has been widely prepared. Its function is to stabilize credit, which it can do only by withholding credit when the price is low and selling it courageously when it is dear. And in proportion as it does the one it will be able to do the other. To perform that function it will have to be unpopular in a country where money fallacies are political assets and where money intelligence is so low that people believe when they are told that under the Federal Reserve bank system panics are impossible. Let the credit-creating power of the Federal Reserve bank system be used primarily to make credit cheap and popular, and let the increased lending power of the National banks, enjoyed independently of the Federal Reserve banks, be devoted to inflation, as speculators expect, and we shall yet acquire education in panics.

The danger of inflation is much greater in the interior than in New York, because the banks of New York have direct access to new fields for the employment of American credit. They have a wonderful chance to develop foreign exchange on the dollar basis, and here is another stroke of luck, for the new ability to do this coincides with an opportunity created by the war. But thousands of interior banks, with their own lending power greatly increased and with access to seemingly unlimited credit at the Federal Reserve bank, will be tempted to buy credit there, provided it is always cheap, and sell that to commercial borrowers, in order to be able to use more of their own in pursuits of inflation.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1915 IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT. ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1915 AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y. UNDER THE

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America as a Cause of War

IT is rather startling to contemplate the possibility that the United States may have been the indirect cause of the present European war, that the reaction of America upon Europe may be in more than a figurative sense at the bottom of the economic difficulties that are themselves the fundamental factors which European nations are seeking to solve.

The existence of the United States taught Europe for more than two centuries to rely upon selling any surplus products in a market expanding far more rapidly than their own rate of production could keep pace with. The problem of a crowding population in a relatively small area is not a new one for Europe; the necessity of maintaining it by selling elsewhere a surplus of manufactured goods is no new expedient. In the United States Europe found during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the solution of her economic difficulties. Not only her surplus population but her surplus products were exported. In the abnormal rate of American development has lain, in all probability, the secret of European prosperity.

There is no nation in Europe, not even Germany, whose economic growth has moved at as unprecedented a speed as has that of the United States. A century ago the pioneers of settlement had scarcely crossed the Mississippi, and now the surging tide of industrialism has transferred the center of population and industry from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi Valley. No state in Europe was as dependent upon another as we were a century ago upon Europe; none was as backward in manufactures, as deficient in the finer arts of civilization, as unfamiliar with the greatest traditions of the race. To-day the disparity no longer exists, for we are the peers of any European state in economic development. Where Germany has risen from poverty to affluence, we have conquered a continent with our own bare hands, and dragged from the earth by unremitting toil an aggregate wealth comparable to that of nations whose accumulations of capital are as old as Europe. Such an achievement is without parallel in the annals of the race.

We are apt to forget that the United States has been in the past a seeker for labor and capital, the possessor of an insatiable demand rather than of a surplus supply, the country which has furnished Europe with that vast and ever expanding market which has enabled European industry to manufacturing them ourselves.

let for this swelling surplus, here the profitable location for their investment of capital; here has been sold the swelling volume of the new Germany's produce; here has been Europe's greatest field for development, the world's most extended market, the one demand which was increasing faster than the rate of production in Europe could keep pace with. And the benefit was mutual. We needed their capital and labor, and their market for our raw products, and their supplies of manufactured goods, while we were developing our own industry.

We were a new country, growing at a prodigious rate because an extraordinary increase of hands was each year applied to almost virgin resources. The output of crude products was extraordinary; the problem of subsistence was unknown; our ability to feed and clothe as many people as could come to us or who could be born was unquestioned; but we were incapable of supplying this increasing population with manufactured goods, and for these we depended practically upon the European imports. How extraordinary a market this was for Europe was not entirely realized until it began to disappear. The extent to which the United States had been a factor in the rapidity of European growth was not really credited until the relative position of the United States and Europe had been changed beyond recall.

This market is now a thing of the past; the demand no longer exists, and in its place stands a new supply seeking a market. The United States is now an independent and integral part of the world's interdependent and interlocking economic fabric. Its interests are still mutual but no longer different, the counterpart of those of European nations rather than complementary; identical in character, purpose, and needs; no longer furnishing them a market the demands of which it is as much our interest as theirs for them to supply, but producing a portion of the world's supply as necessary to them as theirs to us, and seeking a share of the new international demand for the annual increase in our output. The last fifty years has lifted the United States out of the slough of economic dependence and set her firmly upon her feet among the great nations of the world. Where we had for generations depended upon Europe for nearly all our manufactured goods, we have learned how to use machinery, and instead of exporting our crude products to Europe for manufacture, are

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European population, capital, and manufactured goods to an unlimited extent has disappeared, never to return. The European monopoly of the American market due to our own inability to manufacture has also passed. Instead of a customer eager to buy, the European nations now find a stalwart competitor, quite able to undersell them in their own markets, and whose competition is each year more dangerous than the year before. Instead of selling to the United States any surplus that they can produce, the European nations find themselves confronted annually with a larger volume of American produce in their own markets. Where they could once almost ask their own price, they must now rigidly reduce their profits in order to sell their output.

Have we not here at least one cause of the scramble for colonies in expanding markets which began about 1890 when the economic independence of the United States was becoming clear? Does not the rapidity with which the United States has developed since that time explain to some extent the imperative need of expanding markets which the European nations feel? A new solution of their problem had to be found, and was as difficult to discover as the economic relationship between the United States and Europe had been extraordinary and unprecedented.

ROLAND G. USHER.

The Matter With Congress

ONE great thing the matter with Congress is Congressmen. There are other things the matter with it, but the chief trouble is the men who make it up. Back of these men, and converting them seemingly into mere manifestations of it, is the terribly ancient system of doing Congressional business which pertains in the Capitol at Washington. In a sense the system is the matter with Congress, not Congressmen; but if ever liberation is to come it will be had at human hands, and the hands will be those of the slaves of the system who alone can strike off their shackles. And the chief thing the matter with Congressmen is that they have not the time to think; the system won't let them, and they won't change the system.

Theoretically Washington is a city set apart for statesmanship. It is a non-commercial city; a city planned wisely and fairly well, with wide streets and fair avenues, with parks and playgrounds and many monuments to the earnest bad taste of the creators of it; a city located on an historic stream, with not a thing to do but to buy and sell real estate, food, clothes and knicknacks, and to legislate. The Washington correspondents always make much of the idea that "national opinion" is formed in Washington, and the average reader of the newspapers, when he reads under a Washington date line that "it is believed here that the Administration" will do so and so, invariably feels that "they" in Washington are holding wise council and are really deliberating with common purpose about real things. In the mind's eye the principal occupation of Congressmen is considering the welfare of the nation. How else can they be amusing themselves, freed as they are from the rush and hurry of farm or city life, freed from the cares of struggling along in Podunk Corners on a salary twenty cents a mile, than by studying and pondering, statesmanlike, the needs of the country? Few can imagine how else they can be spending the long and weary sessions between campaigns.

In the average Congressman's working day of somewhat less than ten hours, the periods for thought and study are few and the spaces between them are wide. The morning mail of a man who represents 220,000 people is likely to be large, and if the man is a candidate for the continuing favor of the voting fraction of the 220,000, the task of answering it must be handled with skill and a certain degree of personal attention. This takes time. It takes time to call up by telephone or physically journey to three or four government offices for the purpose of adjusting important district business. It takes time to sit as a member of one or two committees. It takes time to sit in the daily sessions of the House, where time more than energy is consumed in the interest of the public weal. It takes time to tow about Washington the inevitable brides and grooms, the equally inevitable delegations of suffragists, prohibitionists and protestants in one cause or another. It takes time to prepare the few perfunctory speeches which even the average Congressman must prepare during a season—or have some one prepare for him, and this may eventually take more time. And it takes endless, awful periods to talk and discuss and lobby and intrigue for the smallest favors from the machine that controls Congress and thus governs Congressmen. The few Congressmen who accomplish the ordinary routine things and manage in addition to do something noteworthy outside of the rut are strong men.

For example: Mr. Oscar Underwood, the Democratic leader of the House, estimates that

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lative days, or two legislative months, was consumed in the mere vocal calling of the roll, a tedious process dating from primitive parliamentary era. Converted into money, represented by economies in salaries and running expenses, this means a yearly cost to the country of $50,000—enough money to run a couple of government bureaus, to pay the wages of half a dozen Congressmen, or to provide three-quarters of the salary of the President of the United States. Far more wasteful in the time that could be utilized for taking thought, however, is the obsolescent *viva voce* roll-call. Yet we discover a Representative from the state of Georgia, Mr. Frank Parks, fearing that the installation of a system of electrical voting would "flood this country with legislation, and the people can never get out from under it. The faster you vote," he added, "the more legislation you pass."

Most of the machinery of the Capitol at Washington is like the slow old roll-call, calculated to consume time and to prohibit study. The ventilating system, for example, is bad, though thousands of dollars have been sunk on it. This means that lungs breathe poor air, that blood is sent through the brain unpurified, and the processes of the mind impaired. Ancient habits such as the reading of a journal to which none listens are still retained. Useless and doddering political henchmen clog the doorways. Of expert clerical assistance there is little, and that little is tributary to a system of private contracting firms from whom can be bought copies of documents belonging to the public. Distribution of publications is chaotic and wasteful. Records of committees are kept or not, lost or not, published or not, as suits individual whims. Two days ahead—a day ahead, even—no one knows what may be the order of business; there is no program of the physical acts of Congress and of Congressmen, no arrangement, no care. The National Voters' League is attempting to run down the various forms of petty graft which exist, it claims, in the House of Representatives. "The public knows nothing about the opportunities which numerous members have of diverting into their own pockets the money value of perquisites intended to aid them in their work."

Grown astray from the paths of what a legislature should be is our national body at Washington. The throwing of the average Representative into the maelstrom of Washington—a converging point for hundreds of streams of thought and a focal center of many rays of national consciousness—is a dangerous act. It is comparable to throwing a boy of twenty into a university and, instead of giving him time and an opportunity to study, ordering world. No boy could do it, and no sensible person would expect him to. Similarly, hardly a Congressman ever reaches his head above the strong tide of custom which grabs him almost the moment he steps into his job. The things he has to do in order merely to tread water and stay alive are too many for him. He cannot construct because he cannot meditate, dream or digest ideas even if—which also is a rare case—he is capable of receiving dreams or ideas.

A year ago there was smuggled into an appropriation bill an item establishing a bureau or division of legislative reference in the Library of Congress. The item had to be smuggled in because every attempt to secure the frank and open passage of a bill providing for a legislative reference and bill-drafting division had failed. These attempts had failed because of the opposition of Congressmen who thought that they, being the statesmen and legislators, should not delegate any of their work to subordinate officers. Among objectors on these grounds was a highly distinguished and educated Representative from the north shore of Massachusetts. Luckily in spite of him the division, shorn of its bill-drafting feature, was created. It is at work, and it is being used by some of the few thoughtful Congressmen. The majority, however, are enjoying that immunity from mental action, that separation from intellectual effort, and that absence of brain-filling which make life, after all, just about what it is, in Congress as well as out.

W. L. STODDART.

John Muir

"SEPTEMBER 7, 1869—How delightful it is to be alone here! How wild everything is—wild as the sky and as pure. Never shall I forget this big, divine day—and this camp in the gray crags above the woods, with its stars and streams and snow."

For those who knew John Muir in person the first fact is that his divine days and starry camping nights are ended—"he is gone, on the mountain." But for many admirers who knew him as readers of "My First Summer in the Sierras" and "My Boyhood and Youth," that fact must remain unbelievable. His name is an evocation not of death, but of life well lived. For them he will always live, as long as there is life in the American forests.

It was John Muir's distinguished fate to perpetuate in public imagination one of the most stirring and poetic of our country's aspects—that of her sheer physical beauty. Silver Firs, the dreaming spires of virgin forests, the murmur and move-

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plateau ranges, and breathless drop of canyon shadows, live in his pages, less as elements described than as the harmonious phrases of a certain large music of existence.

"What is the Chief End of Man?" the Scotch Catechism begins magnificently. Consciously or sub-consciously, one is always seeking between the lines for an author's opinion on the abiding question; and one need not seek in a very super-subtle manner between the lines of John Muir's text to observe what one may well conceive to be his reply. For John Muir, clearly, the chief end of man was to live in the most beautiful places in creation.

In comparison with his refreshing testimony, many another fancied conception of man's chief end—such, for instance, as to do good, or to be a cosmopolite—has the sudden air of a mere pietistic and derived response rather than of an authentic answer acquired by personal quest.

"I wandered away," he says in a passage commemorating the close of his University studies, at the conclusion of "My Boyhood and Youth," I wandered away on a glorious, botanical and geological excursion which has lasted nearly fifty years, and is not yet completed, always happy and free, poor and rich, without thought of a diploma or of making a name, urged on and on, through endless, inspiring, god-ful beauty."

Precisely what obstacles might have impeded him in carrying out this large and interesting design it is difficult to conceive. "I was longing for the mountains about this time," he says in the late spring of 1869, "but money was scarce and I couldn't see how a bread supply was to be kept up. While I was anxiously brooding the bread-problem so troublesome to wanderers—Mr. Delaney, a sheep-owner for whom I had worked a few weeks called on me and offered to engage me to go with his shepherd and flock to the head-waters of the Merced and Tuolomne rivers—the very region I had most in mind—I judged, however, that I was in no way the right man for the place, and freely explained my shortcomings, confessing that I was wholly unacquainted with the topography of the upper mountains—in short that—I feared that half or more of his flock would be lost." And he adds surprisingly: "Fortunately these shortcomings seemed insignificant to Mr. Delaney."

Thus, without either money or experience, the inheritor of the earth set forth in the West in company with the shepherd and his sheep, on a practical project whose outline recalls in some respects that of another gifted woodsman in the East, undertaken in 1845. I mean the classic "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately—to front only the essential facts of life. Our life is frittered away by detail. Men esteem truth remote, in the outskirts of the system, behind the farthest star, before Adam and after the last man. In eternity there is indeed something true and sublime. But all these times and places and occasions are now and here. God himself culminates in the present moment, and will never be more divine in the lapse of all the ages, and we are enabled to apprehend at all what is sublime and noble only by the perpetual instilling and drenching of the reality that surrounds us."

In comparison with two men whose pursuit of happiness was as lucidly undertaken and as largely considered as John Muir's and Thoreau's, most of us human creatures appear to be following the existences of mere zigzagging ants, anxiously scurrying in and out of a few stuffy burrows; exciting ourselves ineffectually about mental and moral difficulties piled up for us by the thought of others, and of no more importance than the presence or absence in the palace of the Sacred Cat, the creator of such ironic panic in the civilization of Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," incapable of clear-sighted plans for our valuable hours on a great globe in the midst of eternity. Here were two creatures capable of existing like gods on the earth; and the records of their experiences are commended to those persons whose faith is all for the strengthening powers supposed to reside in imitative competitions.

Those who enjoy reading about the god-like—and of such readers I boldly profess myself to be one—will find, however, in John Muir's adventures none of a certain disaffecting quality characteristic of the accounts of many of those dwelling somewhat above mortal levels. I refer to the notorious, divine unconcern for the physical wretchedness of inferior orders of creation. Thoreau's tone of sunny reason about the pain and struggle of the world has a touch of oriental calm, even funny, and reminiscent of the conversational elegance with the doomed exhibited by the aristocratic lord of Titi-Pu:

> I heard one day,
> A gentleman say,
> That criminals who
> Are cut in two
> Can hardly feel
> The fatal steel:
> And so are slain
> Without much pain.

The overtones of Zarathustra's rhapsody vibrate with a despite of compassion, as all-too-human, and not for supermen. Jehovah smites

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Far-Darter Apollo shoots the silver arrows of pestilence down on the Greeks with the grace of a careless hand.

The magnificent waters of the river of mercy pour through John Muir's pages with a rush of mere splendid common sense sprung from a deep understanding of inarticulate struggle, of poverty and pain. The hardships of stupefying overwork, of beatings, of drudgeries and bitter cold were not alien to his knowledge. Like Whitman, he knew how to "stand up for the stupid and the crazy"; and he has an eloquent passage about the muted sufferings of an abused, half-imbecile farmer boy, not less enriching in its vision of the meannesses of nature than his evocation of the stateliness of the Sierra, Silver Firs.

Born a Scotchman, he possessed the birthright of a large gift of speech for the dumb—a gift akin to that of Robert Burns, of Dr. John Brown and Sir Walter Scott, characteristic of a nation famous for the power and warmth of its homelier sympathies. Hardly one patient work-horse, it would seem, nor bold long-flighted wild duck, not a singing bird nor friendly lost dog nor agreeable raccoon who encountered this fellow-traveler to an undiscovered country, but met in his look the glance of that sense of truth which is poetry. Not less than as a chronicler of the inanimate lay of the land he wandered through will he be known as one who understood its wide run of mute, animal life.

"The Song is for the Singer: and comes back most to him." To few can it be given to look about at the nature in which we live in as perceptive a manner as that of the companion of Mr. Delaney's flock to the head-waters of the Marced and Tuolomne rivers, but doubtless many of the ways of the earth will be freer and more familiar for thousands, because John Muir was so at home in creation.

EDITH WYATT.

Industrial Education—A Wrong Kind

IN education, as in so many other things, we have the advantages as well as the disadvantages of our decentralized system. Experimentation is stimulated and wholesome emulation aroused. Many states have not waited for Federal aid to initiate undertakings in industrial education. Since each such action affords a precedent likely to influence subsequent legislation, its provisions are of more than local import and should receive close scrutiny. In 1913 the state of Indiana passed a law for the promotion of vocational education, quite comprehensive in that it applies to agricultural and domestic training as well as to industry in its narrower sense. Its main administrative features are well considered, and fit it, in a general way, for imitation by states considering action. The interests of vocational education are entrusted to the State Board which has charge of other school interests, with provision for needed additional agencies. The fiscal measures are sensible, providing that each locality provide buildings, equipment, etc., out of local tax funds, while the state will meet two-thirds of the special expense for instruction.

Unfortunately, the distinctively educational provisions do not equally well fit the law to serve as a model. The bodies which have been most active in pushing industrial education in this country have a pronounced fear lest funds and other agencies furnished for it be diverted to the purures of the Indiana law. The fear works to put a fence around industrial education, to mark it off as sharply as possible from other school activities and interests. Everything must proclaim and emphasize the distinctively industrial aim. However laudable this purpose, it does harm to the real cause of industrial education when it leads to distrust of existing school authorities, teachers and facilities, and when it operates to exclude the concrete facts of the local situation from exercising due influence upon the measures taken. To shape a law on the basis of fear rather than with regard to actual conditions is to act upon theoretical rather than upon practical considerations.

The Indiana system contains features which can hardly be explained except on the supposition that they have been dictated by the fears of theorists. And these features have been still further emphasized by the official interpretation of the law by the State Board of Education. The law very properly makes provision for part time and evening classes—in other words, for "continuation" schools. But it provides for state aid only if the instruction in them "deals with the subject matter of the day employment," or is complimentary to such employment. In line with this requirement the official statement says, "It is important to provide a means whereby the workers who have got into 'blind alley' jobs may be able to fit themselves for more skilled occupations, but a school

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for more remunerative or more skilled trades than those in which they are actually employed cannot be aided by the state funds. The classes "must give instruction which will actually add to the stock-in-trade of a wage-earner who has already entered upon the skilled calling he expects to follow as his life work." But even this statement is too mild. The intention of the law seems to aim at keeping as the life work of a wage-earner that upon which he has actually entered, even if he might himself wish a change. For the statement goes on, "A practical farmer would not be eligible to enter a class in plumbing or a plumber to a class in market gardening in a state-aided vocational evening class."

So far as the regular or whole-time schools are concerned, official construction appears to go further than the law itself. The law reads that "vocational education shall mean *any* education the controlling purpose of which is to fit for profitable employment." But the Board takes the liberty of making the rule laid down for part time and evening schools apply as far as possible to the regular vocational schools as well. For it defines vocational education as "that form of education whose controlling purpose is to fit for useful and efficient service in the shop, home and on the farm, given *only* to persons who have already indicated their intention to enter such employment, or who are already engaged therein, and who wish to increase their efficiency in their *chosen* occupation." And in order to make quite sure that existing high schools do not receive state aid by adding courses for future wage-earners to the courses they already have, it rules that if an existing school adds a vocational department, it must have a separate head or director, a separate course of study, group of teachers and pupils. This effort at complete segregation is partially mitigated by provision that a portion of the "related academic work" may be taught by regular teachers in case they "have the vocational point of view."

Now all this appears to be theory run mad. I call it theory because it is so obviously due to fear that "general" education will make use of a plea of vocational education in order to grab state funds, while practical considerations would lead to a plan that positively meets the most pressing needs, and would then develop administrative control to prevent abuse of funds. I call it bad theory because in a state like Indiana—in almost any state except those having a large number of great industrial centers—the plan automatically works against much of anything being accomplished, while it makes the little which can be done work in the wrong direction. One of the chief evils of unintelligent way in which workers, especially of the youthful age, find their jobs. What then shall we say of a law which says that state-aided instruction is forbidden except in these accidentally selected jobs? What shall we say of a measure which is expressly construed to forbid aid to "schools giving general industrial or prevocational courses designed to enable students to test or determine their vocational aims, or to lay a necessary or helpful basis for future vocational work"? (I insert the quotation marks to assure the reader that the *reductio ad absurdum* is not of my own making.) Add the fact that the youth for whom the law is mainly intended cannot, for the most part, possibly be engaged in very skilled callings; that they are mostly engaged in running odd jobs or "operating" machines that require little but automatic feeding, and the law which requires their instruction to be confined to what they are already doing certainly has little to do with the practical needs of the case. The attention given to eliminating "general education" might, in the case of those engaged in monotonous, routine occupation, well be changed to an insistence that such workers, in the interests of their own industrial efficiency and the economic well-being of the state, have a more considerable general education.

Yet these features are of comparatively slight import compared with the inherent impracticability of the law. Four or five states in the Union have a sufficiently large number of big industrial centers so that they could make some use of a system like that provided by the Indiana law. It seems to have been drawn on the basis of conditions found in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and so forth. In cities like these there are large groups of workers from which a constituency could be drawn for trade schools of the type to which the Indiana system is restricted—though it should be noted that even in Philadelphia the regular trade schools are not especially popular, since pupils who can afford the time prefer a less limited sort of training. In states where such cities abound, provision should be made for increasing the skill of wage-earners in the occupations in which they are already engaged, such provision being only one factor in a more comprehensive scheme. In Indiana it may be doubted whether there is more than one city in the state where much use can possibly be made of the law. Outside of perhaps Indianapolis, the industrial population in a given city is not large enough, nor sufficiently distributed in permanently marked-off occupations, to create a demand for either regular or continuation schools of a narrow trade type in which the pupils shall be instructed only in the trade upon

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stance, is one of the largest industrial centers in Indiana. It happens also to be a town which is already famous throughout the country for the breadth and excellence of its school work in prevocational and vocational training. It would be interesting to know what use, if any, this city has been able to make of the Indiana law. My guess would be, none, or next to none. If the guess is anywhere near correct, it would be impossible to put in stronger relief the essentially theoretical character of the law.

These remarks are negative in kind, but they point a positive moral. They indicate that a state should adopt a law only after a careful survey of its own actual local conditions and needs. Previous to framing the law, both the industrial and the educational situation in each of the larger towns should be studied. It is "dollars to doughnuts" that if the leading school men of Indiana had been systematically consulted before the existing law was framed, and if what they were actually doing and what they would like to do and could do with greater facilities had been investigated, the result would have been a law which would almost immediately have been taken advantage of by ten or a dozen of the larger cities. The money and two or three years' time spent by an expert commission in making such a survey would save itself a score of times over.

The other chief lesson is that the statute should contain only broad and flexible provisions, and that the State Board of Education should be entrusted with large discretionary powers in its execution. Our American law already recognizes the existence of these powers in the authorities in charge of public health and public education. We have just seen in New York State an educational commissioner overrule in effect, if not in name, a court decision as well as the action of a local board, while from his decision there is no appeal. When the tendency of the day is to commit wider and wider activities to administrative commissions in all modes of public utility, it is no time to attempt to limit, by means of minute provisions of statute law, the duties of such bodies in educational matters. By all accounts, the thing in the Indiana law which has worked best is its provision for agricultural education. With respect to this, there was no organization of theorists to influence the law, and more freedom was allowed. Its provision for county agents in agriculture is one which might well be imitated by other states in providing for industrial education. At the present time nothing would be more useful than a body of experts who should be engaged in the continuous investigation of both local schools and industry. The American habit of passing minute laws and then leaving their administration to look out for itself is nowhere more useless or more harmful than in matters of education.

JOHN DEWEY.

Mother Jones: An Impression

WHAT Mother Jones really is those must say who have seen her in her natural environment, trudging up some bleak cañon, in defiance of martial law, to preach peace and rouse war in an angry mining camp. I have seen Mother Jones only out of her proper setting. She had come to visit a "comrade" whom she had hitherto known merely by a correspondence. The fiery character of his letters had not revealed to her that the "comrade" was of the bluest blue blood, and living in a style more appropriate to the "exploiters" than to the toiling brotherhood. As the comrade escorted her ceremoniously from the carriage I followed after and observed her narrowly. She was silent and apparently subdued—undergoing a process of adjustment to the social situation. Her embarrassment seemed intensified as she greeted her hostess, still more obviously blue-blooded and suggestive of the exploiting class. In a very few minutes, however, Mother Jones's adjustments had been effected. She had conferred upon us the freedom of proletariandom by virtue of which we were to be permitted to hear of the fortunes of our brothers of the mine and lumber camp—of their oppressions, their victories and defeats.

Never could one have heard the tale better told; for Mother Jones has seen more of this type of industrial life than has almost any one else, and describes it with remarkable facility. Are her tales all true? In a sense, yes; undoubtedly she believes every word she speaks. But upon reflection you conclude that life can never have moved so dramatically as in her narration. These stories have been told by her again and again with propagandist intent. Cumbering details have been suppressed, and telling points have multiplied. To Mother Jones truth is not a photograph; it is something that lives, but above all, something that stirs.

The world Mother Jones sets before you is one of mercilessly oppressed workers quartered in company villages, cheated in company stores, robbed in company gambling hells, arrested and sentenced by company police and company judges whose cruelty and injustice are glossed over by company preachers and explained away by company newspapers. And in distant cities, full-fed

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and bejeweled women, arch-parasites upon the blood of the poor. This is the "System." And to Mother Jones the System is characteristic of all modern industrialism. Either it must be destroyed or it will destroy mankind.

Not that Mother Jones attempts to set forth the System in bald analysis. Her method is narrative; she pictures for you the bull pens of Colorado where men and women not charged with crime were herded in stockades, without cover and without screen, in shameless disregard of the most elementary decencies of civilized life. She introduces you to fine, manly young fellows, fit material for leadership, goaded into resistance and mercilessly shot down. Whether you believe her or not, your blood begins to boil as you listen. Mother Jones lays her hand on your arm. "Don't blame the men, comrade. It's not their fault; it's the System." Possibly she characterizes the System by a term not yet attenuated to drawing-room use. You steal a glance at the ladies; they are not in the least shocked, nor should they be, for if you really believe such horrors exist, how can you describe them in polite phraseology?

From personal antipathies Mother Jones appears singularly free. Her charity extends to the fighting "foes of labor"; even to Harry Orchard, in her view a perjured traitor. The System made him do it. If there are any to whom she would give no quarter, they are the "parasites" who, far from danger, accept as a matter of right the fruits of oppression, and neither know nor care what these have cost in human life.

Mother Jones, according to her own account, abhors violence. Why kill even the most desperate thugs in the employ of capital? The System made them what they are; besides, it can reproduce them in quantity and quality according to requirement. Through violence, labor can only lose. It is the part of perfect wisdom to accept passively even the blows and outrages, but, oh God, flesh and blood is weak! "If you had been at Trinidad"—and then she tells a tale that is almost sufficient to make even yourself long to burn and slay. No doubt Mother Jones does earnestly plead with angry strikers for peace; but if she pleads with them as she argues with you, it becomes plain why peace does not follow at her heels.

As to the real character of Mother Jones, middle class rumor has associated all manner of evil with her name. She has fared as ill in this respect as Joan of Arc fared at the hands of Shakespeare. So much, however, you can know: she is old, and her life has not been lived in pleasant places. Yet her eyes are clear and steady; the grasp of her hand is firm and warm; her ways are serene and her as they love their own mothers, and she goes fearlessly among those who hate her, and returns unharmed. You may believe that she is a perverse trouble-maker, a seeker after notoriety, an exponent of abhorrent and dangerous principles, yet you will feel flattered in some degree when she calls you "comrade." Is this what might be expected of the concluding years of a dissolute life? If so, how mightily have the moralists lied to us!

The Background of Matisse

OF Matisse it may be said at once that he is mad, as William Blake was mad. But Blake in his "madness" was isolated from his fellows, while the "madness" of Henri Matisse is shared in kind, if not in degree, by artists innumerable, a host that before the war centred upon Paris from all countries. For his contemporaries to dismiss Blake by the charge of madness was an easy relief, since the mystic type had long disappeared from Georgian England, and with it all reason for other than mere graphic representation evaporated from common experience. Thus Blake's justification attended upon the rediscovery of mysticism; but Matisse represents a type, or at least a tendency, which can be estimated in terms of daily thought.

That an artist has produced an expression so far removed from tradition is proof that strong forces have been at work upon the sources of art. It is not in quiescent ages that eccentricity, the flying-off from a common centre, dares claim authority. Whatever one's ultimate opinion of Matisse's work, one must at least realize that here there has been force and not weakness drawn upon for artistic creation. More than any other artist, moreover, Matisse may be studied against a background of contemporary art in general.

The "modern movement"—the slang is of Paris—took its rise in the early part of the nineteenth century. It dates, significantly enough, with the appearance of evolution as a universal law in the consciousness of Europe. Now the one principle which is general to modern art in all its phases is that it is the attempt to control movement. By "control of movement" I do not mean external movement, movement in the subject or medium, but movement as an idea, a concept taken up into the racial mind. Every "modern" has faced this as the characteristic task, and however the various methods have diverged, all are to be explained sooner or later by reference to this principle. Modern art, then, derives from the same surge of creative energy which has vitalized modern science and sociology; with them it is founded upon a new idea of the universe. What the scientist terms "evo-

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From this origin in a new idea common to all fields of thought and experience, modern art, like modern science or religion, turns abruptly away from the method employed in the older world. From the Renaissance on, the task of art had been to control not movement but space. Development in art had been toward controlling perspective, the third dimension. That phase I call the architectural phase of art, since, like architecture, its values were spatial. And like architecture, it was an art of symmetry, balance, static rest, corresponding to men's fundamental assumption about life. The art of our day has lost symmetry and the static qualities, because science and religion have lost them. This phase I call the musical phase of art, its values being movement and rhythm. Opposed to the old idea of symmetry through the balance of equal and opposite forces we have rhythm, the thrusting of one supreme force among the opposition of other lesser forces.

The first attempt to control movement as the essential fact of experience was made by Cézanne. Cézanne possessed an extraordinary perception of the significances of form. In his canvasses objects are selected from nature and so arranged one against another that the whole picture vibrates, as it were, under the stress of thrust and opposition. Numberless were his solutions of the problem; but in every canvas Cézanne developed the same method. Sometimes the arrangement suggests a circle, sometimes a triangle, a quadrilateral, an ellipse; not one, however, suggests the symmetry which is rest. Cézanne is a series of tremendously interesting structural problems; he is the Paul Morphy of art, if not the Napoleon.

Gauguin had none of Cézanne's faculty of abstract perception. His distinction lies in his power of human sympathy, allied to a vigorous decorative sense. Gauguin was a true "primitive." Probably on account of his Peruvian mother, he could not endure civilization, but fled from Paris into remote Britanny and afterward to Tahiti, where his nature flourished in the life of pure paganism. His art has interpreted a racial existence now forever passing away; not so much an ancient time as an ancient manner, forgotten by us, in him lives again. Never was the life of instinct as opposed to reason so beautifully rendered. Gauguin penetrated the depths of primitive society as Lafcadio Hearn penetrated the depths of old Japan. Whitman, too, might have had a broad basis of understanding with Gauguin in their mutual reverence for the good red earth. Apart from this, Gauguin solved the problem of movement by arranging his subject decoratively, that is, in flowing lines and masses of color selected not for their abstract value in a deep-toned symphony. But it must not be thought that Gauguin lacked intellectual perception entirely. His "Christ Jaune," one of the most remarkable pictures ever conceived, contains infinite suggestion on a high spiritual plane.

The next significant name is Van Gogh. Van Gogh solves the problem in still another way, by the relation of pure color. His was the intense and lyric nature, neither philosophic like Cézanne nor natural like Gauguin, but throbbing with its own inner life of emotion. The significance of Van Gogh's work lies in its command of color values. It reduces form to the vanishing point; color it raises to the pitch sometimes of oppression. Color leaps against color, a cavalry charge, or the fall of a great meteor through space.

The direction of a curve can be plotted by means of a few controlling points. Most modern painters are only variations of the three methods already described. The most pronounced tendency of modern art to-day is to destroy objective reality and establish a reality derived from intuition. Halfway between Cézanne and Picasso stands Matisse.

In Matisse objective reality is maintained, but in a state of distortion. He has enlarged the artist's freedom of expression without transferring it to an entirely psychological plane. Matisse began by painting in the most approved academic fashion. His "distortion" of the subject is due to his increasing conviction and necessity to control movement in a new and distinctive manner. To appreciate a Matisse one must realize that artistic reality is not a matter of photographic likeness, but of color and line, a construction intended to express the artist himself in terms of the subject. A cave-dweller's arduous drawing may possess far more artistic significance than the labored perfection achieved by a prize student.

Matisse's work is permeated with energy, the stress of mass against mass, color against color. When so perceived, it loses the quality of "distortion," for, as was remarked by a French critic, its "equilibrium is destroyed and then renewed as by sheer will power." And remember, too, that Matisse is not a method but a personality. Without his synthetic vision, his "will power," a canvas constructed by such a method would collapse into the insignificance of a child's spilled paint.

From Matisse, moreover, new lines of force run outward into the future. He is not an interrupter but a conductor of power, and as such his work receives illumination not only from the art which had been an influence to him, but also from that which his influence brought out in others.

Picasso, for example, carried the "distortion"

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stands the test of the camera, he substituted subjective reality, that which corresponds to perception. A Picasso is laboriously, tortuously constructed from states of consciousness linked by the intrusion of nature into the mind. A violin becomes enormously significant because for the first time in art it is not taken for granted but subjected to infinite scrutiny, infinite brooding, as by the converged stare of the intellect's thousand relentless eyes. In the resultant synthesis, the transcription of the violin upon canvas, it emerges as a composite vision, a dismembered fly drowned in the amber of philosophic perplexity. I do not praise Picasso nor deride him. Once again the issue is a personality rather than a method; and it is true of Picasso that for those whose minds turn often upon themselves his art stands supremely precious in its power of evoking, as by double mirrors, the sheer unutterable meaning of common things received into the depths of experience.

From Picasso arises the school of Cubism, and indirectly, of Futurism. At first sight both these schools stand to Picasso as theology to the mystic —personality devitalized into a system. Both have felt themselves compelled to summon the aid of literature to justify an art of which it is claimed that its justification lies entirely within. Now the whole idea of subjective as opposed to objective reality is raised by Cubism and Futurism, as it was not raised by Picasso himself. Eventually the world will accept a forceful personality at its own valuation; but a mere method, claiming philosophic authority and propagated by means of academies among whosoever wishes to learn it, can and should be met upon its own basis. In general I suggest that subjective reality has its justification not only in philosophy, but in common experience; but that subjective reality is not properly the province of framed pictures. It is and always has been the province of decorative art. Thus our reply to Cubism and Futurism is not that art may not be based upon intuition, but that Cubism and Futurism have diverted the true meaning and value of intuition into the wrong channel. Already, indeed, a school has arisen out of which decorative art will probably be restored to its rightful position, as creative as painting, but achieving its results in an entirely different way. What is more subjective than the design upon a Persian carpet or a Chinese bowl? And who would think of denying its validity? So we look for a gradual adjustment among all the forces at work in modern art; the restitution of objective reality to framed pictures, though with a new freedom of treatment, and of subjective reality to decoration, enhanced by the splendid opportunity for decorative art in the modern world, a world rebuilt and reimagined from day to day.

HORACE HOLLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Morgan's Shortcomings

SIR: I am unable to grasp the meaning of your article entitled "Mr. Morgan Stands Pat," in THE NEW REPUBLIC of February sixth. That Mr. J. P. Morgan, in his testimony before the Industrial Commission, failed to take a commanding position in "the modern industrial system," but restricted himself to the modest one of "a banker"—one among several thousands in this country—seems to be imputed to him as a civic shortcoming if nothing worse. As an illustration of his failure to come up to the scratch you say: "Questioned as to whether it was fair to refuse employment at unskilled labor to men over thirty-five he replied that this was a matter of opinion; asked what was his opinion he replied, 'I haven't any.'"

Perhaps when this question was put to Mr. Morgan the questioner was "thinking in terms of newspaper headlines," as you thoughtfully suggest, in which case the answer was appropriate, but in any case the question was one for which a sociologist might have taken a whole hour to frame an answer covering all possible conditions and circumstances.

I have read somewhere in the writings of the late Professor William G. Sumner the advice that when you are confronted with an argument that seems to you fallacious you should first dig out the major premise. The major word system, which usually means a contrivance or design on the part of somebody. But the modern industrial system is a result of the growth of human society. It was never designed by anybody. It is no more a system than the Adirondack forest is a system. Being a growth and not a contrivance, it is for those who complain against it to prove its badness, not merely by showing bad spots in it, but by showing a working plan for a better one.

The minor premise in your article is that the system is linked with the name of Morgan. Ergo Mr. Morgan should stand up and face his responsibilities, and not skulk under the pretence of being a mere banker. The task that both Mr. Morgan and his critic have to face is that of finding a working plan for supplying the human race with housing, clothing and three meals per day. You say that Mr. Morgan ought to take the lead in solving this problem because "his position in the business world is so great that an unwillingness to lead is taken to mean an approval of the horrible abuses of modern industry."

I am not in Mr. Morgan's confidence, but I presume that he denies his responsibility for the growth of the human family to its present method of earning a living, or for the abuses of modern industry, or for tuberculosis, or the hookworm, or other evils that afflict mankind. This thought seems to have dawned upon the writer of your article at the conclusion of his discourse, where he says

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for the inevitable change" from the existing practice to something else which is not delineated. Mr. Morgan's class, we may assume, consists largely of men like Jacob Schiff, George F. Baker, August Belmont, James Speyer, A. B. Hepburn and others. How can Mr. Morgan prepare the minds of these promising pupils for the inevitable change? If he should bring them together for this purpose would they not ask him what change he proposes? He would be obliged to say that "in a real sense" he does not know. Then he would naturally declare the school dismissed.

HORACE WHITE.

New York City.

As to Arizona

SIR: If there is any question that needs the application of common sense, it is the liquor question.

Mr. Carleton H. Parker in his article in your issue of January sixteenth gives a number of cogent reasons "Why Arizona Went Dry." He might have added to them the fact that many people voted dry because they believed that prohibition had left the state; and, above all, the religious account of the suspension of the copper mines in the state and the strike, many miners who would have voted against prohibition had left the state; and above all the religious issue. It was believed by many of the most prominent Catholics in the state that the liquor men were using their church to assist in the contest and they resented it by voting for prohibition. In addition to this the many anti-Catholic organizations in the state, such as the "Orangemen" and the "Guardians of Liberty," looked upon prohibition as an opportunity to slap the Catholic Church, in that the proposed bill prohibits the introduction into the state of wine for sacramental purposes.

If you will investigate the elections throughout the country where prohibition was successful, you will be convinced of the truth of your statement that the voters favoring prohibition are "about equal in number to those who stand for American personal liberty." And if you get at the actual cause of success for prohibition you will find that in most of the elections it was a series of accidents or prejudices, just as in Arizona.

A. J. SUNSTEIN.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Jew in Poland

SIR: The short editorial on the Poles in your issue of January twenty-third was admirable in tone but based upon unauthenticated premises. "We shudder at the gruesome stories which come to us from Russian Poland," you say. Is there any more foundation for these than there was for the stories of German atrocities? Judgment on the Poles in this connection should be held in abeyance until facts are at hand.

It is possible, however, that these stories are quite true. Anyone acquainted with the part that the Jew has played in the history of Poland and of Russia knows that the Russian and the Polish peasant's hatred of the Jew is as intense as the Southerner's hatred of the negro, and perhaps more logical. Why? Because it is a hatred begotten not so much by a difference of race and antipathy as by an economic struggle. Given sanctuary in Poland in the eleventh century from religious persecution in other lands, how did the Jew repay this religious tolerance? Instead of becoming a citizen in the broader sense, he held aloof. He became, as everywhere, the financier of the village. Note that most of the cases of Jew-baiting take place in the small town or village. His exorbitant rates of interest on the money he lent—and still lends—to the poor Russian and Polish peasant, and other acts of financial oppression have brought down hatred on the Jew. Add to this the Russian bureaucracy's desire to win mob-approval for its autocratic acts, and you have a complete explanation why Jew-baiting, with government approval, takes place in Russia. If our Federal government incited lynchings, would we not have even more of them? We feel quite peeved when we find that most foreigners believe that lynching is part of our daily routine; we think them illogical when they turn into a national characteristic a thing that rarely happens, and in certain localities only. Let us not make the same mistake.

I hope I have been able to show that these outrages, if true, are the result of a struggle due as much to the Jew as to the Pole, and that the uneducated Polish or Russian peasant is more of a pawn than a player in this game. Likewise it is a particularly ironic instance of Fate's interpretation of the cruel Hebrew *lex talionis*.

THADDEUS GORECKI.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Right of Labor

SIR: If you are in any doubt about the value of THE NEW REPUBLIC as a "journal of opinion" this doubt should be dissipated by the number of letters that reach you. It is of no special importance what kind of feelings you engender so long as you do not leave us indifferent.

For example, I am not at all indifferent to the wholly misleading characterization you give to the decision of the Supreme Court in the case involving the so-called coercion law of Kansas. This decision, you say in your issue of January thirtieth, is "profoundly reactionary" and upholds "the doctrinaire conception of liberty." One might accept this opinion without much question if he had not read Justice Pitney's opinion.

So successful has been the trades-union propaganda and so potent is the influence of "labor" with our legislators and newspapers that we are really very much muddled as to the rights of labor and capital, or better, employer and employee. Each claims more "rights" than he is entitled to; you and I are only interested in seeing that the actual, not the impudently asserted rights of each be secured.

Justice Pitney's decision clears up the whole question in that paragraph in which he says:

> "Just as labor organizations have the inherent and constitutional right to deny membership to any man who will not agree that during such membership he will not accept or retain employment in company with non-union men; and just as a union man has the constitutional right to decline proffered employment unless the employer will agree not to employ any non-union man, so the employer has the constitutional right to insist that the employee shall refrain from affiliation with the union during the term of the employment."

If, as it clearly appears, this puts employer and employee on exactly the same basis, how can it be truthfully said that it is reactionary or that it embodies a doctrinaire conception of liberty? The notion that a member of a labor union has "rights" superior to those of other human beings is intolerable to any but a "gomperic" mind.

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A New Shakespeare

A Midsummer Night's Dream, produced by Granville Barker at Wallack's Theatre, New York, February 16, 1915.

THERE are certain aspects in which Mr. Granville Barker seems unhappily to resemble Titania's "lovely boy, stolen from an Indian King." If our Stage Society could be conceived as the fairy queen, it might well be said that she "never had so sweet a changeling." She "crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy." Of this adoption the American Oberon appears to be frankly jealous. He speaks slightingly of his wanton Titania, and, if protective patriotism can do its work, it will go hard with the changeling child.

In virtue of Mr. Barker's enterprise, this animus is peculiarly unfortunate. As a theatrical producer, Mr. Barker has not chosen to follow the line of least resistance. On the contrary, he has picked out a strait and flinty path, and whether he stumbles in it or not he is entitled to understanding. Probably the youngest producer in England, he has chosen among other things to attempt a difficult, heroic task, the fresh interpretation of Shakespeare. Easy as it may be to criticize his result, it was a splendid enterprise and full of suggestion for American playgoers and managers. This is not to say that Mr. Barker is immune from criticism. It is only the Gushingtons who can offer such immunity. Mr. Barker stands or falls by the beauty of his creation. But in all departure from tradition, all pioneer enterprise, there is a special claim on the imaginative. To acknowledge the strength of Mr. Barker's claim is the first necessity of criticism. It may not be he who will bring the experiment to perfection, but he has had the will to make a fine experiment, and it is for its potentiality as well as its accomplishment that one must take his "Midsummer Night's Dream."

As an accomplishment, however, the present performance is, for me, but dubiously successful. With a great deal of charm as a spectacle, somewhat less charm as a comedy of feeling, and almost no charm as a lyric, the cast never seemed to me to blow the perfect ring. And, for the source of this dissatisfied view, I venture to go back to my own idea of Shakespeare's fairy play.

In reading "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the intensest charm is the charm of the elfin wood. Written by an Englishman to whom nature was the source of infinite suggestion and delight, the comedy owes its dewy freshness to being imagined under the greenwood tree. Its fairies are fairies of the brake and dell. They "hop as light as bird from brier," and "dance it trippingly, hand in hand, with fairy grace," as the sunbeams dance, or the scallops of the waves. The elves for coats "war with rere-mice for their leathern wings." The sprites take their names from the living fields—Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seed, sweet with the sweetness of wild outdoors. This is no lyric affectation. It is the note of merrie England, "full of old woods, leafy wisdoms, and frolicsome fays; passions and pageants; sweet love singing bird-like above it." And "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is, above all, woodwind music, for the sake of which a story is told.

But it is precisely this charm that is lacking in Mr. Barker's production. Desiring for excellent reasons to conventionalize the fairies, he conventionalized the mental things. For picturesqueness, nothing could excel the gold figurines that did duty in Mr. Barker's compositions; but they were solid, immobile, statesque. Even when they danced, they danced like little gods descended from Buddhistic pedestals. The small fairies gave, in their childish voices, the right suggestion, but even their gold faces, golden locks, golden limbs, were heavy and still. They were attendants at a court of some remote Eastern clime, some fanciful golden age, not sprightly. One felt that they had come from the antique shop rather than the antique wood.

In depicting Titania's bower, a fine suggestion was achieved, and there were passages in Cecil Sharp's folk-music that had the lilt of faëry. But for the sake of irrelevant spectacle, the spirit of the Shakespearean lines was largely sacrificed, and, as a consequence, the lines themselves went the same way. It may seem dull that people should still wish to linger over the intentional poetry, and certainly the poetry was out of key with the new decoration. But, however slavish was the old recitative method, it did give one a pleasure that is not communicated by, for example, the yapping of Mr. Cecil Cameron as Puck, and Mr. Cameron is only one of a large cast who declined to Fletcherize their lines. Nor was unintelligibility the only blemish. Of the romantic cast Miss Lillah McCarthy alone seemed to attune her voice to the meaning as well as the rhythm of her part. "Dulcet and harmonious," she came not only to please on her own account but to afford blessed relief after the strained vocalization of Miss Boyne and the monotonous vociferation of Mr. Walter Creighton. Indeed, of his inferior chromo school of acting, Mr. Creighton is an inferior example.

Bottom and Puck are the two decisive characters in this comedy, Puck in communicating the fantasy of the woods, Bottom in restoring the humor of the rude and obvious world. As the "mad spirit" of Oberon, Mr. Cameron was amusing in gesture, and managed to be very funny with his shock of yellow hair. But by slighting his lines, in an effort to be effectively brisk, he almost limited his part to one of pantomime. It was good pantomime, though neither airy nor maliciously gleeful. Mr. Ernest Cossart's Bottom, on the other hand, was honestly though conventionally humorous. He made an amusing ass to Miss Jean's alluring Titania, and Mr. Wilkinson was very happy in the costumes for the "mechanical" troupe. In these, as in the gay hunting costumes and the robes of Helena and the suitors, there was a welcome novelty.

Throughout the performance there was a constant effort to establish beautiful tableaux. In aid of this effort, presumably, the actors spoke most of their lines facing the audience, or with their backs directly turned; and in addition the pose of the fairies was decoratively rigid, with palms parallel to the ground. A certain pleasure could be derived from this spectacle, but it seemed to insist on the artificial nature of the entertainment and to substitute an exterior for an interior excitation. In the quarrel scene, where the convention of direct address was abandoned, the illusion was much greater; and personally I felt most illusion when Oberon and Titania spoke to slow music, that supposedly odious device.

Ingenious and brave, this production should be seen by everyone who wants Shakespeare in the current theatre. But it cannot be acclaimed as a perfect marriage between

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Books and Things

ALTHOUGH the tenth edition of "Familiar Quotations" was published in November, by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., nobody gave me my copy until last week. The delay may not have been intentional, yet I felt it. As soon as possible after the book arrived I looked up Babylon, in the hope of finding out who wrote these lines:

> Our towns are copied fragments from our breast;
> And all man's Babylons strive but to impart
> The grandeurs of his Babylonian heart.

Had I known the author's name when I came across these verses, in one of Yeats's essays, I dare say they wouldn't have stuck in my head, and grown into a familiar quotation. The same thing may be true of the following, which Mr. Claud Schuster quotes in "Peaks and Pleasant Pastures," one of the most agreeable of mountaineering books:

> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The power, the beauty and the majesty
> That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain
> Or forest or slow stream or pebbly spring
> Or charm or watery depths—all these have vanished:
> They live no longer in the faith of reason,
> But still the heart doth need a language, still
> Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.

Neither of these extracts is reprinted by Bartlett, yet their omission doesn't lessen my faith in him. The quotations are not so familiar as they sound, that is all. I must endure my curiosity until I happen to meet somebody who happens to know them. Still do I believe that all really familiar quotations are to be found in Bartlett, beside many others, familiar to nobody except the editor and his immediate family.

It was in his preface to the fourth edition of "Familiar Quotations" that Mr. Bartlett paid his famous compliment to the general reader. "Many maxims of the most famous writers of our language," Mr. Bartlett wrote, "and numberless curious and happy turns from orators and poets, have knocked at the door, and it was hard to deny them. But to admit these simply on their own merits, without assurance that the general reader would readily recognize them as old friends, was aside from the purpose of this collection." Cambridge has harbored many prodigies, infant and senile. Not a few of these were welcome visitors to Mr. Bartlett's house, yet I doubt whether any of them satisfied his idea of the general reader. Legend, however, tells a different story. I can still remember a faded drawing, done by a forgotten hand, of Mr. Bartlett and his family, arranged outside their front door in an attitude of hospitality, and awaiting the formal progress, up the gravel walk from the gate, of a most distinguished visitor—the general reader, long expected, at last incarnate. Behind the visitor, at a seemly interval, came his bag, carried by Macauley's schoolboy, for love. Well, here is the tenth edition of Bartlett, but the general reader does not grow old. His powers do not fail. He still remembers everything and forgets nothing.

Do not prejudge this general reader. Do not brush him aside as a man with a memory, otherwise negligible. The retentiveness of his memory is not more remarkable than the purity of his taste. His is that purity of taste which is a thousand pages of quotations, yet among these many thousand old friends how few are loose in either speech or thought! You must seek further than I have sought ere you encounter one who talks bawdy or plasphemes. Of Voltaire the general reader retains nothing that could offend a Protestant Sunday-school, of Catullus nothing that should offend the teacher of a school for girls. From Juvenal he has not learned one bad word. In his memory there is no echo either of Sterne's mincing obscenity or of Rabelais' gross belly-shaking laughter. The result would have been the same if he had been trying to prove that to the pure all things are pure, even literature. The most constant of his preoccupations is moral. Tennyson was a third-rate moralist and a first-rate nature poet. From the general reader's recollections of Tennyson you would learn only half this truth.

It is easy to understand Mr. Bartlett's general reader's unwillingness to prate, even to himself, of secrets known to all, easy to understand why he failed to remember quotations which, although familiar, are not made. Less easily understood is his dread of the ephemeral. Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, editor of the new edition, says, "ephemeral quotations will not be found included in its pages." Ephemeral, however, must be a relative term as applied to one's contemporaries. We are certain that we remember odds and ends of Pope, and nearly certain that our great-grandfathers remembered more. But we cannot be certain that our great-grandchildren won't remember bits of Yeats or Shaw, of Whistler, Masefield or Samuel Butler, which are thoroughly familiar to us. Mr. Dole includes four quotations from Yeats, yet his choice leaves me free to believe, if I choose, that none of the four will be so familiar to posterity as "I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree," or as "Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?" Mr. Dole includes nothing of Masefield's, not even a line from "Quinquireme of Nineveh," and nothing from the second Samuel Butler. Perhaps he is right, yet haven't you caught all sorts of people, plumbers and motormen, in the act of muttering, when the unreasonableness of the world was forced upon their notice, "O God! O Montreal!"

It is futile, however, to quarrel with Mr. Dole for leaving out or ill-treating contemporaries. Perhaps a more solid foundation for a quarrel may be found in his treatment of dead authors. I select Peacock, in hope, and am rewarded by finding less than I expected, by finding nothing. And yet—somehow—in spite of all—I am less elated than I meant to be. Am I so sure that everybody is familiar with "The War-Song of Dinas Vawr"? Yet one passage I know which should have been included, although it was only five years old at the time, in Mr. Bartlett's first edition. It is the story heard by Mr. Arthur Pendennis, the first time he dined in Paternoster Row. "I remember poor Byron, Hobhouse, Trelawney, and myself, dining with Cardinal Mezzocaldo, at Rome," Captain Sumph began, "and we had some Orvieto wine for dinner, which Byron liked very much. And I remember how the Cardinal regretted that he was a single man. We went to Civita Vecchia two days afterwards, where Byron's yacht was—and, by Jove, the Cardinal died within three weeks; and Byron was very sorry, for he rather liked him." To this newest and best Bartlett I would make, if I could, only one other addition. It is from Sir Thomas Browne: "Pineda quotes more Authors in one work, than are neces-

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The Spirit of Party

Mr. Chamberlain's Speeches. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. 2 vols. $5.00.

"IT is of the essence of our representative institutions that we should have party government; and the lines of party, if they are not defined by politics, would be fixed for something less honorable and less definite." These words, from a speech delivered by the late Joseph Chamberlain at Birmingham in 1880, may stand as the apologium, by perhaps the most outstanding example of the "good party man" of recent times, for the curious phenomenon of "party" which dominates political life on both sides of the Atlantic to-day. It has been said of Chamberlain that if he could but agree with two-thirds of his party's common policy, he was ready to shut his eyes and bolt the remaining third as a sacrifice to loyalty. And despite feeble efforts towards individual freedom of thought, the party system shows few signs towards disintegration, almost the first proceeding of those who combine to break away from the accepted parties being to start a new one on their own account, as hidebound as its predecessors. It is more than mere coincidence that in both the great English-speaking democracies the complaint is heard that the best men, and especially the most intellectual men, tend always to interest themselves less and less in "politics," leaving them to be exploited by the mediocrite or the self-seeking professional. For the moment that it becomes an unwritten law that a man in order to testify to two-thirds of his faith must betray what remains, you have begun to close the gate against the honest few who prefer to think for themselves. It is true that these form a very small minority.

To be a "good party man," then, and still deserve the repute of one who is both honest and able, requires a curious mentality seldom to be found. Mr. Chamberlain, extracts from whose speeches have just been published by the Houghton, Mifflin Co., was one such, and as such one of the most striking figures in Anglo-Saxon politics of the late nineteenth century. Incidentally his figure marks, more than perhaps any other, the parting of the ways between the old and the new theories of government in England. Many Americans believe, as their fathers did, that the "ruling classes" in England are invariably members of a select oligarchy who govern by a carefully elaborated system of throwing dust into the eyes of a gullible electorate. That this is no longer true, or is true only to a small degree, that even in England the journey "from log cabin to White House" is possible enough to the man who resolutely sets out to conquer it, is shown by the career of such a man as Chamberlain, and since his rise it has become always easier. The Chamberlains were not a poor family; had they been so his course might have been smoother. For he came of the class against which the "ruling caste" has definitely set its face since the days of Cromwell—the "middle classes," sturdily Puritan in essentials—except where tinged with snobbery—radical, even revolutionary, and growing always more dangerous in the eyes of their "betters" since the coming of the industrial age has brought them wealth. Queen Victoria to the last regarded Chamberlain as "that horrible man," and with so much reason that in his earlier days, as the Radical mayor of Birmingham, he was frankly iconoclast if not openly republican. Yet from such a slippery leaping-off ground he made his way into the innermost councils of do not from any overmastering ability, but chiefly by his skillful use of the party system.

From the days when King and Commonwealth in their warring originated the system of government by watertight compartment, the sacred shibboleth consistency has been the bane and terror of the smaller politician. To change your mind were a confession of weakness, if not of treachery. Thus in every representative assembly the majority openly abandon any power of independent thought, scout the possibility of changing development, and are content to advocate as greybeards the opinions they mouthed as schoolboys. Chamberlain, his opinions already come by before he entered national politics, saw the possibility of using party as a means towards these ends, rather than sacrificing them towards the ends of party. And towards this he devoted all the energies of his keen, concentrated, businesslike, practical mind. He built up first of all a small party of his own, formed of local henchmen and admirers, carefully chosen for their mediocrity of mind, upon whose unthinking support he could reply under all circumstances. This secured, he lent support to whichever party would meet him furthest towards the ends for which he was working; remained with it, as docile as any "party hack" so long as it suited him, and at the psychological moment used his phalanx either to swing the dominant party in the desired direction, or, by lending its weight to the opposition, to defeat his former friends. He could do this without any consciousness of treachery, even of insincerity, because, outside the end he had aimed for from the beginning, nothing else was to him of real importance. Thus at first a supporter of Home Rule for Ireland, he actually cared little or nothing for the rights or wrongs of it, save in so far as it affected his ideal standardization of the empire. So long as it seemed to him unlikely to imperil that ideal he was content to support it, whatever its merits or demerits. When he came to believe that to grant it might imperil those aims, he swung his weight and his phalanx against it for as little or as much reason. So it was with his "raging, whirling propaganda" for tariff reform. He was at different times a confirmed free trader and the protagonist of protection; yet he was perfectly consistent throughout. When free trade might serve to weld his ideal empire, he was perfectly willing to accept it; when it seemed that protection promised quicker results, he threw over his former faith and all that it implied.

He differed from the lesser "party man" in that when he changed his mind he was perfectly ready to admit it. During his South African tour after the last Transvaal War, a prominent Colonial said to him concerning the government policy of 1881, "In those days I'm afraid I did not like your African views." "No," said Chamberlain, "and the worst of it is that you were right." His political opponents loved to interrupt his speeches with cries of "Judas," as ignorantly as his own supporters who contended that he had risen superior to party ties and sacrificed everything to the truth. In his eyes and his hands party was simply and purely a weapon towards the consolidation of the empire, quite irrespective of the party ends of those with whom he might for the time untie himself. In this Chamberlain not only showed himself a "party man" in the truest sense of the word, he also showed the dangers that lurk in the system for men of lesser power of will.

To read his speeches without realizing this would be confusing indeed. We find him at one time condemning

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are at another the saviours of the future; tariff reform becomes as essential to national salvation as was formerly free trade. Either the veriest weathercock or the completest time-server, might well exclaim the empty-headed politician whose one ideal is fidelity to "what his leaders tell him to do," and whose thoughts are concentrated on the immediate moment, leaving the future to look after itself.

OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER.

"North of Boston"

North of Boston, by Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25 net.

SOME six months ago there appeared in London a modest little green-covered book, entitled "North of Boston." It was by an American living in England, so its publication on the other side of the Atlantic came about quite naturally, and was no reflection on the perspicacity of our publishers at home. To those of us who admire Mr. Frost's book it is no small pleasure to take up this new edition, bearing an American imprint, and feel that the stigma of non-comprehension so often put upon us by expatriated Americans can never be justified in this case.

Indeed, Mr. Frost is only expatriated in a physical sense. Living in England he is, nevertheless, saturated with New England. For not only is his work New England in subject, it is so in technique. No hint of European forms has crept into it. It is certainly the most American volume of poetry which has appeared for some time. I use the word American in the way it is constantly employed by contemporary reviewers, to mean work of a color so local as to be almost photographic. Mr. Frost's book is American in the sense that Whittier is American, and not at all in that subtler sense in which Poe ranks as the greatest American poet.

The thing which makes Mr. Frost's work remarkable is the fact that he has chosen to write it as verse. We have been flooded for twenty years with New England stories in prose. The finest and most discerning are the little masterpieces of Alice Brown. She too is a poet in her descriptions, she too has caught the desolation and "dourness" of lonely New England farms, but unlike Mr. Frost she has a rare sense of humor, and that, too, is of New England, although no hint of it appears in "North of Boston." And just because of the lack of it, just because its place is taken by an irony, sardonic and grim, Mr. Frost's book reveals a disease which is eating into the vitals of our New England life, at least in its rural communities.

What is there in the hard, vigorous climate of these states which plants the seeds of degeneration? Is the violence and ugliness of their religious belief the cause of these twisted and tortured lives? Have the sane, full-blooded men all been drafted away to the cities, or the West, leaving behind only feeble remainders of a once fine stock? The question again demands an answer after the reading of Mr. Frost's book.

Other countries can rear a sturdy peasantry on the soil, a peasantry which maintains itself for generations, heavy and slow perhaps, but strong and self-replenishing; and this for a length of time beside which our New England civilization is as nothing. We are often told that the telephone has done much to decrease insanity in the farming districts, and doubtless it is true. New England winters are long and isolating. But what about Russian winters rearing a sturdy peasantry for hundreds of years. It is said that the country people of these nations are less highly organized, less well educated, than are New Englanders, and so better able to stand the loneliness of long winters. But this does not explain the great numbers of people, sprung from old New England stock, but not themselves living in remote country places, who go insane.

It is a question for the psychiatrist to answer, and it would be interesting to ask it with "North of Boston" as a text-book to go by. Mr. Frost has reproduced both people and scenery with a vividness which is extraordinary. Here are the huge hills, undraped by any sympathetic legend, felt as things hard and unyielding, almost sinister, not exactly feared, but regarded as in some sort influences nevertheless. Here are great stretches of blueberry pasture lying in the sun; and again, autumn orchards cracking with fruit which it is almost too much trouble to gather. Heavy thunderstorms drench the lonely roads and spatter on the walls of farm-houses rotting in abandonment; and the modern New England town, with narrow frame houses, visited by drummers alone, is painted in all its ugliness. For Mr. Frost's is not the kindly New England of Whittier, nor the humorous and sensible one of Lowell; it is a latter-day New England, where a civilization is decaying to give place to another and very different one.

Mr. Frost does not deal with the changed population, with the Canadians and Finns who are taking up the deserted farms. His people are left-overs of the old stock, morbid, pursued by phantoms, slowly sinking to insanity. In "The Black Cottage" we have the pathos of the abandoned house, after the death of the stern, narrow woman who had lived in it. In "A Servant to Servants" we have a woman already insane once and drifting there again, with the consciousness that her drab, monotonous life is bringing it upon her. "Home Burial" gives the morbidness of death in these remote places; a woman unable to take up her life again when her only child had died. The charming idyll, "After Apple-picking," is dusted over with something uncanny, and "The Fear" is a horrible revelation of those undercurrents which go on as much in the country as in the city, and with remorse eating away whatever satisfaction the following of desire might have brought. That is also the theme of "The Housekeeper," while "The Generations of Men" shows that foolish pride in a useless race which is so strange a characteristic of these people. It is all here—the book is the epitome of a decaying New England.

And how deftly it is done! Take this picture:

> We chanced in passing by that afternoon
> To catch it in a sort of mental picture
> Among tar-banded ancient cherry trees,
> Set well back from the road in rank lodged grass,
> The little cottage we were speaking of.
> A front with just a door between two windows,
> Fresh painted by the shower a velvet black.

Or this, of blueberries:

> It must be on charcoal they fatten their fruit.
> I taste in them sometimes the flavor of soot.
> And after all really they're ebony skinned:
> The blue's but a mist from the breath of the wind,
> A tarnish that goes at a touch of the hand,
> And less than the tan with which pickers are tanned.

"The Fear" begins with these lines, and we get not only the picture, but the accompanying noises;

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Near by, all dark in every glossy window.
A horse's hoof pawed once the hollow floor,
And the back of the gig they stood beside
Moved in a little.

The creak and shift of the wheels is quite plain, although it is not mentioned.

I have said that Mr. Frost's work is almost photographic. The qualification was unnecessary, it is photographic. The pictures, the characters, are reproduced directly from life, they are burnt into his mind as though it were a sensitive plate. He gives out what has been put in, unchanged by any personal mental process. His imagination is bounded by what he has seen, he is confined within the limits of his experience (or at least what might have been his experience) and bent all one way like the wind-blown trees of New England hillsides.

In America we are always a little late in following artistic leads. "Les Soirées de Médun," and all Zola's long influence, are passing away in Europe. In England, even such a would-be realist as Masefield lights his stories with bursts of a very rare imagination. No such bursts flame over Mr. Frost's work. He tells you what he has seen *exactly* as he has seen it. And in the word *exactly* lies the half of his talent. The other half is a great and beautiful simplicity of phrase, the inheritance of a race brought up on the English Bible. Mr. Frost's work is not in the least objective. He is not writing of people whom he has met in summer vacations, who strike him as interesting, and whose life he thinks worthy of perpetuation. Mr. Frost writes as a man under the spell of a fixed idea. He is as racial as his own puppets. One of the great interests of the book is the uncompromising New Englander it reveals. That he could have written half so valuable a book had such not been the case I very much doubt. Art is rooted in the soil, and only the very greatest men can be both cosmopolitan and great. Mr. Frost is as New England as Burns is Scotch, Synge Irish, or Mistral Provençal.

And Mr. Frost has chosen his medium with an unerring sense of fitness. As there is no rare and vivid imaginative force playing over his subjects, so there is no exotic music pulsing through his verse. He has not been seduced into subtleties of expression which would be painfully out of place. His words are simple, straightforward, direct, manly, and there is an elemental quality in all he does which would surely be lost if he chose to pursue niceties of phrase. He writes in classic metres in a way to set the teeth of all the poets of the older schools on edge; and he writes in classic metres, and uses inversions and *clichés* whenever he pleases, those devices so abhorred by the newest generation. He goes his own way, regardless of anyone else's rules, and the result is a book of unusual power and sincerity.

The poems are written for the most part in blank verse, blank verse which does not hesitate to leave out a syllable or put one in, whenever it feels like it. To the classicist such liberties would be unendurable. But the method has its advantages. It suggests the hardness and roughness of New England granite. It is halting and maimed, like the life it portrays, unyielding in substance, and broken in effect.

Mr. Frost has done that remarkable thing, caught a fleeting epoch and stamped it into print. He might have done it as well in prose, but I do not think so, and if the book is not great poetry, it is nevertheless a remarkable achievement.

Recent Books

America and the World-War, by Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents net.

A SERIES of collected essays, advocating a policy of national preparedness for war, condemning the present President's peace policy, and buttressing belief in the inutility of peace treaties and Hague conventions upon the German invasion of Belgium and the lack of American official protest. An able argument, which would be more convincing were it less tinged by political bitterness.

Boyhood and Lawlessness, etc. } *Anon. Survey Associates,*
The Middle West Side, etc. } *Inc. $2.00 each.*

Two volumes of the first value, published for the Russell Sage Foundation. They include sketches of the boy and girl life of the poorer parts of the city, written with a very intimate knowledge and compelling the deep attention of all interested in the social problems of the city and the future of the race. They are refreshingly free from any sectarian or other prejudice.

The Earth: its Life and Death, by Prof. A. Berget. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

A capable translation from the learned treatise of Prof. Berget, wherein he treats the life and death of the earth from the standpoint of its analogy to all living things. Especially pregnant is his prognostication of the final destruction and rebirth to which the earth must look forward, when, as he puts it, "the clock of eternity will accomplish one of its turns."

Prehistoric Man and His Story, by G. F. Scott Elliot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.00.

A scholarly and meticulous forthsetting of the facts hitherto gleaned concerning the infanthood of man as illustrated by such discoveries as the Neanderthal and Piltdown skulls and their relations to those of the higher animals. It should be invaluable to students, as exhaustive facts are set down with unusual directness and clearness.

The Great Mirage, by James L. Ford. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.35.

A genial novel, capably if conventionally handled, and containing sketches of New York newspaper life in amiable caricature. The young woman from the back-blocks who comes to town and, after the usual vicissitudes, wins her way to newspaper success and an appropriate husband, is not so convincing as are some of the minor characters for whom the author has evidently less admiration.

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